WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

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Answered by

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A MAN IN THE STREET

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EDITORIAL

N. P. Macdonald

WE live in an age of catchwords and obsessions. Both are in number as the sand on the seashore, but perhaps patriotism as a catchword and woman as an obsession can claim first place in their respective categories.

It may be doubted whether these two words have any connection in fact, but the way in which they are both misused to-day is part of the same problem. Both at one time indicated ideals ; both connoted something more than mere materialism, and it is therefore a significant commentary on this most graceless of centuries that both patriotism and woman have fallen from their high estate, and have lapsed into that materialism which has established a stranglehold upon contemporary life.

Take for example the present attitude of man to-day towards both patriotism and woman. Is it not true to say that his attitude is based upon a purely individualistic outlook ; upon the satiation of passions rather than upon the consummation of ideals ; upon a purely selfish desire to see himself satisfied, even though such satisfaction may be gained only at the expense of his neighbour, the community or the world ? Indeed, it is just the lack of any love of

one's neighbour that is the cause of most of the troubles from which the world is suffering. Satisfaction of human and national passions, so far as possible individually, seems to be the ultimate aim of man's existence to-day, and what effect such satisfaction may have on others troubles him not at all. The ideals of both patriotism and woman are no longer the implementation of the urge for development in some particular aspect of life ; they have been cheapened by the triumph of contemporary materialism over pristine idealism, of personal passions over impersonal ideals.

We lack to-day any real sense of corporate responsibility. It might almost be said that we carefully avoid letting our right-hand neighbours know what our left-hand neighbours, or what we ourselves are doing, and we care as little how they may be occupying their time. Each cell, that is to say each individual, or at best group of individuals, seems bent upon getting the most out of life with the least amount of effort, and without in the least caring whether other and perhaps worthier cells are trampled underfoot in the process. And yet the whole organism, the country, is expected to live ! So we see that not only in the realm of idealism, of patriotism and of woman, does passion and grasping lust hold sway, but also in our essentially material struggle for existence.

The gravity of such a position is realised by few ; for so many there is none other than the material life. And why ? Because idealism was kicked out of the back door when materialism flew in at the window ; and materialism is a so much easier

philosophy of life than the realistic idealism which the Middle Ages passed down to us. No thought concerning the higher things of life is necessary to-day; neglect of one's duty to God or one's neighbour is not looked at askance; plenty of time to get on and get the most out of life, in spite of that awkward conscience that keeps on asking how much you are putting into life; no need to worry about the administration of town or state; that can be left to those who have got more out of life than you have at the moment, although you may privately hope that finally you also may be as fortunate, and may be in a position to throw obstacles in the way of those who struggle to reach the eminence you have won. Principles, ideals, and all the other tiresome red-tape with which our ancestors governed their lives are still kept for appearance sake, but they have deteriorated in quality; each man interprets them in the way best suited to his particular need. In fact words are made to fit into the patchwork pattern of materialism rather than life with the pristine definition of words; life is regarded subjectively rather than objectively; introspectively rather than circumspectly.

"Safety first, and comfort not far behind!" is our cry to-day; and at once the public purse is opened to provide beacons and crossings for our convenience, and public credit is drawn upon so that we may be provided with luxuries without having to pay for them completely until we want a more modern type of wireless or player-piano, motor car or golf-clubs. But although the whole machinery of the Ministry of Transport may be

instrumental in prolonging our lease of life, and although makers of luxuries may exhaust themselves to earn our gratitude for their solicitous care of our leisure hours, they have not touched the vital side of our lives ; they may save and ease our material selves over and over again, but can they, do they, save our souls ?

No. They make life too easy for us ; we come to think that we have merely to place a penny in the slot and we will get what we want ; we develop an inferiority complex, and yet a certain selfishness ; craven fears of being great and yet a feeling that " Life is beautiful so long as *I* hold the string ". We lack ambition and tenacity of purpose, except in so far as these are necessary to maintain and better our material standards ; we walk with our eyes on the ground instead of gazing straight before us, and consequently we no longer feel that man is a thing of instant doom, only living at all through the acquiescence in his existence of some higher power. As a result we feel an exaggerated sense of personal security which blinds us to the sufferings and the wants of our fellow-men, and the idealism that inspired those who strove and won, and fought and died, that we might the better enjoy ourselves in this year of " grace ". It was this sense of over-emphasised personal security which inspired the council of a certain English town to refuse to attend the Annual Armistice Service at the local War Memorial officially, *as they found it so cold standing about.* Human gratitude, always an unknown quantity, must have sunk rather low just then ; what would have happened if the Army had found it cold standing about in Flanders ?

How few to-day realise the truth of Goethe's words :

> That which thou didst inherit from thy sires
> In order to possess it must be won.

And what have we inherited from our sires ? We may well ask ; we have only to look back a few hundred years to the Middle Ages to find the answer. What a change of vista there meets our eyes ! We see a flourishing cosmopolitanism within the confines of the Church, which was then conterminous with learning ; self-seeking perhaps, but with a greater desire than to-day to co-operate for the benefit of all ; materialist perhaps, but kept in check and subordinated to the idealism which found its expression in the chivalrous attitude of man to man, and man to woman, in that age, and in such fundamentally idealist ventures as the Crusades, truly magnificent examples of the subordination of individual comfort to the attainment of a greater aim. It is hard to imagine a Crusade being contemplated, much less taking place, to-day ; of course we should console ourselves by saying that it would be unsporting to kill the infidels because they do not happen to agree with some of our clergy ; but what we should really mean is that such a venture would be far too much trouble, unless of course there was any chance of material profit in it.

The common culture of medieval times effectively bridged gaps between nations, and although there was fighting between them, it was regarded more in the light of a sport of honour than as a matter of life or death. Nations saw good in one another ; the whole basis of life was firmer, though expectation

of life may not have been so great. There was a greater sense of communal responsibility ; social inequalities were neither so flagrant nor so frequent, comparatively speaking, as they are to-day. The spirit and general culture of that age had been handed down and implemented, not in the pretentious and superficial way characteristic of present-day development, but in logical sequence with what had gone before. Undeveloped, untutored, and uncouth according to modern standards the Middle Ages may have been, but they were the richer for a life founded on a basis of practical idealism, in strange contrast to the materialism of to-day, when each man is a law unto himself, and love of one's neighbour is always qualified by individual definition of neighbours. Indeed, it would hardly be too much to say that Medievalism, a term invented by our contemptuous materialists, could and did make a better showing and produce a stronger justification for its existence than ever our present way of living has done.

In short, then, the Middle Ages left us a legacy of life bounded by certain definite moral principles ; a life based on a practical idealism which kept in check the incipient materialism of those times ; and a philosophy of life which did not consist only in getting as much as possible for little effort, but in contributing also to the common stock ; in fact a life which was not egocentric but in which each man and woman was a unit, however unimportant, of the whole body. That is what we inherited from our sires ; but as it must be won, that is to say consolidated, from age to age, the effort to win it appears to be too much for us to-day.

Of course such a happy state of affairs was due chiefly to the all-embracing influence of the Church. But even if Luther had never had any qualms of conscience about indulgences, and even if Henry VIII had never tired of Catherine of Aragon, it would be too much to hope that the Church would "serve in the office of a wall" the world of to-day. Ours is a civilised age, or so we like to think; and from superior heights we laugh at the poor efforts of former times to make life more worth living. But are we so superior? Let us read what Dr. Wilhelm Stapel has written of this age of ours: "Since the French Revolution 'civilised humanity' has become the surrogate for the Christian Church. The Church has disintegrated into numerous churches and sects. . . . For the civilised world conscience has come to take the place of the voice of God; instead of calling upon God they appeal to the world conscience", and, it may be added, pay as little attention to it. In fact religion to-day is merely an appendage, not the basis, of life; it has felt the materialist influence of the safety-first school of thought. It is unfashionable to speak of Heli; there are no longer any penalties attached to the commission of what were once sins; everyone will get to heaven quite safely in the end (when the Church has satisfied itself concerning the place and nature of heaven); everything is made very easy and comfortable; there is no need to hurry; the strait way has been greatly broadened under a new town-planning scheme, and after all there are plenty of reserved seats in heaven. Why worry? It will all be right in the end.

So our *soi-disant* Christians. The atheists, more honest than their companions on life's journey, subscribe to the views of that one of their number of whom David Grace has so aptly written :

> He proudly said I have no need of God,
> And, worshipping himself, serenely trod
> God's earth ; but now a thought, though very dim,
> Dawns on his mind ; God has no need of him.

And not only him, but many of those sects who set materialism above idealism in religion ; who judge their fellows by the number of times they enter a public-house or stay away from church ; who cry out to the world, " You want the best seats in heaven —we have them", will find themselves crowded out in the end, unwanted, while those whom they so glibly condemned will find the celestial equivalent of beer far more heavenly because their former hypo-critical detractors remain on the wrong side of the eternal gates.

In view of this tendency to make modern religion fit with individual whims and caprices it is not surprising that the ideals of which the Christian faith was at one time the foundation are to-day discounted. There is a divorce between religion and such culture as we may now enjoy ; between the sacred and the secular there is a great gulf fixed, a gulf which exists only because of the failure of either the sacred or the secular to bridge it.

But what of our schools ? What may we expect from the younger generation, which will have to take our burden upon its shoulders ? As far as the public schools are concerned, it is unhappily true that most of them are not fulfilling their duty to the

community ; they are not giving their boys adequate preparation for contemporary life. In religion, and many of them are religious foundations, they content themselves with platitudes and neglect apologetics, which in this age of the worship of *la raison* are not unimportant ; they lead a semi-monastic existence, living apart from and out of touch with that larger world into which their pupils will at length be precipitated ; too often they give but little instruction in matters of mind, as opposed to brain, and of morals, and it can hardly be wondered that as a result many of the boys, when they get out into the world, fall a prey to extremes of one sort and another, not because they are willing to do so, but rather because they were never warned against them.

One Armistice Day I happened to be present in my old school chapel, and watched with some interest the faces of the boys as they took their places for the Service of Remembrance. Dressed in O.T.C. uniform they filed in line by line, but few I thought showed any real understanding of the reason for the service ; the War was already history, and most of them had been too young to remember the dark years just after the Armistice ; in fact the whole ceremony probably seemed rather tiresome. The service proceeded, and the Silence was observed ; the Roll of Honour was read, and the line " Us they trusted, we the task inherit " was quoted. And I wondered whether those boys had any idea of the nature of that task, or if they merely thought the phrase a pleasant piece of English, most suitable for inscription on a War Memorial, but of no interest to them. I am not sure that the younger generation

are being helped to realise the magnitude of the task which they have inherited ; I am not sure that materialism has not drugged them into a self-complacency with life, a lack of any urge to better either their own country or the world ; a tendency to rest on laurels gained by their ancestors in the past rather than a desire to emulate, if not surpass, their achievements in the future. I fear that little, far too little, is being done to show them how best they might set about such tasks and to inspire them with the courage and knowledge necessary to their accomplishment. Unless this is done, and it is not being done, patriotism in the broadest sense, all the ideals, and how few they are, that we still possess, will be cast aside by a generation which was never taught their value ; that life must have a spiritual as well as a material basis. As I came out of chapel that Armistice Day I caught sight of the words "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*" on some memorial ; and I thought what a mockery such words were in the circumstances. There were a lot of boys dressed in warlike uniform without knowing what war meant, observing the anniversary of the end of the most fatal mistake in history ; they did not know, most of them, why the Great War was fought, and even if they did their teachers, spiritual pastors and masters were not making great efforts to ensure that they should not fall into the errors of their fathers. In fact, the whole way those boys were being brought up was anything but to the greater glory of God or of the world.

And can we therefore blame the younger generation for becoming impatient when at last they realise

that they have grown up in a fool's paradise ; that the present state of the world is largely due to their fathers' neglect of the ideals about which they are so anxious their children should learn. Can we be surprised that in their profound disillusionment they rail at patriotism, nationalism, internationalism, democracy, and all the other catchwords with which they have been spoon-fed ?

The mother of modern democracy, our own system of government, is certainly far from perfect. Many members of Parliament and their constituents seem to have lost their mutual sense of responsibility ; the members by their sometimes spasmodic attendance at the House of Commons, and somnolence when there, their constituents by their failure to accord continued support to the man or woman whom they have elected to represent their interests. But the latter cannot altogether be blamed ; a view of the House from the galleries is not always an inspiring sight. If the benches are not empty the honourable members have their feet up displaying their delicate taste in spats ; they read and they sleep. Indeed, I do not know with what the seats of the House are upholstered, but it would seem that Ovid's description of doings in ancient Rome is peculiarly apposite :

> Nec pudor in stipula placidam cepisse quietam,
> Et fœnum capiti supposuisse fuit.*

And what of the world, of nationalism and internationalism ? What kind of world do we see to-day in place of the Elysium of learning and culture that

* And no one was ashamed to take a quiet sleep in the straw, and to lay his head on a bundle of hay.

once was Europe ? Not a pleasant one. It is hard to realise that once each state was able to see good in its neighbour ; to appreciate if not concur in its national aims ; and to subscribe to the same ideals, albeit in differing forms ; that patriotism once connoted love of country *qua* country and not a euphemism for material profit at the expense of others. As was to be expected, materialism has run riot here as elsewhere ; materialist wars between states have taken the place of the *opéra bouffe* rivalries and skirmishes of the past ; national culture has taken the place of cosmopolitan learning ; tariff walls and unethnographical boundaries separate state from state and people from people. A painter or musician is known first as an Italian or German, then as an artist ; he belongs to the world no longer. Nor is there that international appreciation of the art and music of other countries that once there was, an appreciation which was not without its effect upon international politics.

There is no real peace in the world to-day ; we have not enjoyed that blessing for many years. Lovely and pleasant have been the efforts of countless politicians to bring about the Millennium, nor in death have they been divided ; piles of pacts and protocols, covenants and conventions, upon which the dust grows thick in all the Chancelleries of Europe, testify to the all too hollow desire for peace manifested by states since the War ; they stand as a dusty monument to the failure of this generation to learn from the past.

Realism is at a discount to-day ; Signor Mussolini makes pacts about things on the ground, such as

Austria ; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, to be in fashion, makes one concerning things in the air. And no one is really any better off in the end. Post-War politicians have a disturbing habit of meeting at regular intervals to renew promises which have already been made between them, and to reaffirm their intention of making use of the League of Nations whenever necessary. The general public, however, may be forgiven for thinking that such frequent protestations of loyalty to League and pacts show an unfortunate lack of faith in the efficacy of either.

But we are told by pacifists that absence of pacts, of mutual guarantees, of covenants, would mean war ; but are they sure ? Did we not think in 1914 that peace was undesirable, and were we not wrong ? How comes it then that we have so quickly changed our minds ? For we are just as sure to-day that war is wrong as we were in 1914 that peace was wrong. Let us beware lest we again fall into error. And in any case what do the pacifists mean by peace ; absence of war or merely the absence of any risk of getting killed ?

The present world situation has been described as a " stupendous pantomime of peace " ; but where is the principal boy ? There are many candidates for this honour, but the claims of the man who caused a minor riot in a French café not long ago because he said the biscuits served to him bore the name of Hindenburg would certainly have to be seriously considered. In righteous indignation, and as good Frenchmen should, the other occupants of the café sought out the offending biscuit-tin and stamped its contents to pieces ; and were not a little

disbelieving of a scandalised proprietor when he told them that the word was not Hindenburg at all, but that home of so many biscuits, Edinburgh.

And what of the League of Nations? Some successes it has undoubtedly had; but it has also had many failures, which may be ascribed to two fundamental causes. Firstly, the League regards itself as being sacrosanct, and to all intents and purposes heaven-sent; in fact a sort of Delphic oracle, from which it has inherited the gift of equivocation to a remarkable degree. As Dr. Stapel has put it: "The sessions of the League of Nations are the mystery cult of 'civilised humanity'". Secondly, instead of devising means of preventing the match being applied to the powder the League is too liable to content itself with calling for water to put out the fire after the explosion. Unfortunately as the main water supply is often turned off, the League's efforts have come to be regarded by many as a cry of "Wolf! Wolf!"

It always seems to me that the League, and many of the pacifist persuasion, are trying to run before they can walk. Chelsea Bridge is being rebuilt, and as I have crossed the railway bridge into Victoria Station during the past few weeks I watched the progress made in erection of the temporary structure for the use of pedestrians. I saw one pier firmly embedded in the river, upon which the end of the first span rested; another pier as firmly established as its predecessor, and the span of the bridge gingerly pushed forward to rest upon it. And as I watched that bridge being built I thought how like to it is the world, and how like

its piers the various countries. If those who are in so great a hurry to bring about everlasting peace had had charge of the building of that bridge I do not suppose they would have attempted to put the spans across the river first and the piers in afterwards ; but they are trying to do so with the bridge of peace. Instead of consolidating the will to peace, and not only the will to peace, but the will to learn from other countries, in their respective states they are trying, and I think in vain, to erect a gigantic structure on very flimsy foundations. If only they would first set about the betterment of social and economic conditions in their own countries, there would be far greater hope that having thus firmly established the piers, the bridge of peace between nations would finally stand.

And so all the world over, in religion, in politics, in everyday life, we see that idealism of the ancient kind has been subordinated to a materialism which can only be pernicious in its ultimate effect. As much at home as abroad it has established its strangle-hold upon us, and for one nation to see good in another is to-day more difficult than ever it was ; too few people are busy making too much money ; mistrust is rife, and armaments are piled up ; fortifications mount higher and higher ; new weapons, new poisons, are daily invented, for the more efficient killing of mankind ; new rumours, new scares are hourly manufactured by the sensational Press for the better fouling of the springs of international goodwill. And all this is said to be due to patriotism on the part of the various countries concerned.

Surely there has been no more despicable

prostitution of a word. Materialism, a desire for gain, the seeking after more and greater profits such proceedings may be, but stimulated by patriotism they are not. Patriotism, true patriotism, is essentially a peaceful ideal ; that is to say it is neither bellicose nor profit-seeking. But the word patriotism has to-day become merely a convenience for politicians and the monopoly of the jingoists, and is therefore liable to be looked at askance by other and worthier folk. How, then, can we best ensure that it once more comes to have its original connotation, love of country for itself and not merely because such love may afford a convenient opportunity for stabbing one's neighbour in the back.

In considering such a problem let us keep in mind that, in the words of Christopher Dawson : " The crisis that has arisen in the modern world during the post-War period is not merely an economic one. It involves the future of Western culture as a whole, and, consequently, the fate of humanity ". In short, that the crisis being not merely an economic, that is to say a material, one, it cannot be overcome by purely materialist measures. We must call in idealism to our aid ; it is to be hoped that our call will be answered, for the world to-day is crying out for ideals, for guiding principles of life, even for duties. If this were not so how can we account for the desire for leadership manifested in politics through Hitler and Mussolini, and in religion through the growing influence of the Roman Church, and through the Buchmanite movement ? Are not all these but small indications that the world is sick ; sick of the self-sufficiency and smugness which comes to those who

have no thought for anything other than their own comfort, their own convenience, the satisfaction of their own desires?

Of course there are those, and they are not lacking in number, who would have us believe that the contemporary desire for leadership, for a firmer basis of life, is due to an inferiority complex; that it is merely the reaction of a few nervous souls to the ever-increasing scope of human power and human knowledge. Such people are probably nearer the truth than they would care to own; many in this world to-day feel an inferiority complex not in regard to contemporary developments, but in relation to the past. They are beginning to wonder if their ancestors, with far fewer opportunities, did not, after all, make a better job of life.

Necessarily it is impossible to-day, even if we would, to return to the ways of living of the past; nor would it be practical or realistic to contemplate such an eventuality. But that should not prevent us from readopting, for we possessed them once, such ideals as formed the basis of life in days gone by. Many hold that there is now more idealism in life than ever before; but it is not based on the right ideals; it is incapable of forming the foundation of a new, and yet old, order in social and cultural life; it is effervescent; vaporous it is, and to vapour shall it return.

How, then, are we to readopt such ideals and transmute them into practical patriotism? Too many plans and programmes have already been elaborated for it to be necessary to add to their number; but none of them will be effective unless

they treat first of fundamentals, and of these a few may be outlined here.

First, in social life we should not forget that one man is as good as another, although some may have had more chance for development than others; we should not think of the unemployed merely as so many thousands more or less each month; we should not tolerate that attitude of which I came across a typical example not long ago. Walking with a boy of about fourteen, who was just about to enter one of our oldest public schools, I happened to pass some street-cleaners at work, and on remarking that theirs was dirty work, to say the least of it, I was not a little alarmed to hear my companion reply, "Why worry? They're only street-brats after all". Perhaps to him they were; but they were doing that work so that the health of the many who would scorn to do it should be unimpaired. No doubt the attitude of that boy was in large part due to the unfortunate insularity which has grown up between the remains of the aristocracy and the people. A man is created earl of so and so, but seldom feels any sense of responsibility towards that part of the country which gave him his title; he often spends most of his time in London or abroad, and the people in his earldom never, or rarely, see their lord. What a contrast to the happy state of affairs prevailing in Germany before the War. Doubtless it was customary to sneer at such things as being feudal, but nevertheless the various grand dukes and minor princes did take an interest in their grand duchies and principalities; they tried to do their best for their people, and were repaid by abundant loyalty

and devotion. It would be a good thing for England if some of our landed aristocracy came to feel as much responsibility for, and interest in, the lives of those living in the parts of the country from which they may have taken their titles. It would be much more practical patriotism if they were to pay some attention to their own property instead of spending their time admiring that of other people.

But this is only a facet of the problem mentioned earlier in this essay ; the irresponsibility of the present generation. Perhaps one cause of this is the extent to which we are governed, over-governed to-day. Marketing boards have swamped the markets ; Commissions and Controls commit and control the citizen to their hearts' content, and restrain him entering the land of liberty far more effectively than did the angels restrain Adam from returning to his gardening. We might almost agree with Mephistopheles' condemnation of laws :

> Laws are transmitted, as one sees,
> Just like inherited disease.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Reason they turn to nonsense, worse,
> They make benificence a curse.

No doubt we shall be told that such rules and regulations are necessary for the continued well-being of the community ; that without them there would be chaos. Perhaps ; and perhaps not. It would seem illogical to say that the only way to preserve liberty is to curtail it ; but that is, in effect, what the official excuses and explanations would be. We take fright at the growth of a desire for dictatorship in our midst ; we invoke the goddess of Liberty to

our aid, and when she does appear, we immediately put her in chains, lest she too should do violence to the *status quo*. To hope to preserve liberty, whether in politics or any other sphere of life, by curtailment of liberty is merely to hope by Satan to cast out Satan. The salvation of freedom, so far as this country is concerned, lies not in the indiscriminate adoption of Continental theories of government, but in the reawakening of our present system to its responsibilities. We need some turbulent statesmen to-day ; those who would not hesitate to use Big Berthas on problems which are now being tackled with squibs.

Secondly, we want a subordination of party and class spirit to love of country. We have seen that far from making life liveable party politics tend to make it unbearable ; they have set no course along which the ship of state may be steered ; indeed by their very nature it is as if that ship's crew are divided into various factions, each of which wishes to sail in a different direction, the result being that the ship merely turns round and round in an idle sea.

And why should we not want such things ? Declaration of war against foreign countries means declaration of peace between warring factions at home ; surely we have not to wait for another war for internal strife and bitterness to cease. We stand to-day between the Scylla and Charybdis of Fascism and Communism. Not because we want either, but simply because both these creeds attain a measure of national unity, and therefore hold a superficial attraction for many, although the methods of attainment can hardly be to our taste. We have a long enough political history for us to be entitled to

expect that either our present system will be revitalised, or that it will be adapted to suit new requirements.

And what are those requirements? Primarily, social restoration and intellectual reconstruction; that is to say a wider and juster distribution of property, and the rebuilding of modernised ancient ideals on their old foundations. To attain such ends principles must be set above all else; an objective philosophy of life must take the place of contemporary subjectivity, and the whole must be based on the realisation that no good can be done under compulsion; man can do no good unless he has the will, that is to say the urge, to do so, and he will have neither if he is to be the subject of an iron-handed government. To succeed he must possess a belief not only in himself, but also outside himself, and he must have an aim for such a belief; only a government which he is sure puts the good of the state, and therefore of each unit in the state, that is each individual member of it, above all other considerations, can provide such an aim. It cannot therefore take the form of a "turbulent collusion of embarrassed demagogues"; nor can it be egocentric itself when it expects individuals to forego egocentricity.

In such a task the Church can assist; indeed it would be fatal were it not to do so, for in the words of Nicholas Berdyæv, "Man without God is not man"; and did not Napoleon say, "A state without religion is like a ship without a compass"? But until the Church has set its own house in order, and has decided what it believes; until it has defined its attitude to various phases of modern life, a

definition which should be based on experience of the past rather than on theory regarding the future; and until it has determined that such definitions will be adhered to when once made, to hope for salvation from it, here or hereafter, either for the state as a whole or the people individually, is to hope in vain.

To put first things first should be the aim of all good government; but it would not be attained if Dostoevsky's description of the Church were still applicable: "The Anglican clergy and Bishops . . . live on their ample incomes and grow corpulent in perfect ease of conscience. They are great pedants, highly educated men, and in a pompous and joyless way they actually believe in their own moral smugness. . . . Theirs is a religion of the rich and no attempt is made to conceal the fact". To-day such a description would be incorrect, but the Church has yet a long way to go before it can claim to exercise that influence on the state which would be a valuable factor in the readjustment of our social and economic life.

Thirdly, with regard to foreign countries we should adopt a less critical attitude; we should realise, and how few of us do, that other men can be patriots beside ourselves; we should learn that other nations desire peace as much as we do; if foreign countries choose to have revolutions, we should not concentrate our gaze on the inevitable excesses arising therefrom, but should try to learn a little of the ideals, real or supposed, behind such upheavals. Even if the thoughts of other nations are not our thoughts, nor their ways our ways, there is much we may learn

from them and much they may learn from us. If only international rivalry could be changed from mere materialist competition into a mutual exchange of thought and culture, we could all then be patriots ; we could feel that by serving our day and generation in our own country we were also members of a wider fellowship than a national one, although this latter is a necessary adjunct to any world-order ; we could feel that we were in a position to share the aims and ideas of other peoples ; we could be satisfied that at last peace was no longer a thing to be spoken of in material terms of pacts and gold pens wherewith to sign them, but that it had attained a spiritual strength harder to break than even wars are to wage.

Perhaps this is too elaborate a conception, although to many it is a desirable goal. But to move in that direction it is first necessary to clear away the misunderstandings that have collected about certain words today ; to clear away the ivy so that the wall in all its ruggedness and strength may the better be seen, and the purpose for which it stands the better understood.

It has been with such an aim in view, therefore, that I have invited those who contribute to this book to outline briefly their conception of patriotism, a word which it is most appropriate should be considered in this Jubilee year. As many different points of view have been included as space would permit ; the Churches, the Services, Politics, Literature, Education, are all represented. Some contributors have written from the viewpoint of their vocation or profession ; others have placed on record their own personal attitude to the whole question of

patriotism, its nature and its place in the scale of loyalties; all have considered the word from a different aspect, and it is remarkable that, taken as a whole, there is a substantial measure of agreement among them. The value of patriotic emotions, rightly directed, is stressed; the desirability of not only a national but an international outlook is, I think, unanimous. Not least noteworthy, and it is to be hoped that the Churches will take note of this, is the consensus of opinion expressed that the religious aspect in such problems is one which cannot be ignored.

The doubt was expressed to me that to invite so many contributions on such a subject would be to invite repetition. There has been none; and even if there had, the purpose of the book would still have been served; for that purpose is the presentation of contrasting views on a question of perennial importance, so that the reader may review each opinion and perhaps as a result adjust his own ideas. It is to be hoped by this means that many who formerly considered patriotism either in the light of jingoism or, at the other extreme, of violent pacifism, may realise that there are many sides to this problem, many more even than are contained in this book, and that they may in future regard those whose views may not be theirs with more charitableness than heretofore. If those who have so kindly assisted in the preparation of this book can know that such has been the result of their labours, they will feel more than amply repaid for having spent time and trouble in an effort to reinstate a catchword in its former position of an ideal.

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PATRIOTISM may be said to mark a stage in the moral evolution of humanity. Human history begins with the individual; it passes from individuals to families, then to tribes or cities, and then to countries; it will end, as may be hoped, in the whole human family. Each of these units possesses a character of its own, and each unit is, or may be, opposed to other units.

The relation of the several units, or the members which compose the several units, may be either friendly or hostile. It has slowly but surely tended to pass, at least in some respects, from enmity to goodwill. In a primitive age a stranger was the same person as an enemy. There is always a contest for superiority between individuals. But the contest is injurious to the prospect or the hope of unity. Even to-day, in a highly civilised age, a man, who thinks of himself alone and of his own interest or ambition alone, is the foe of social unity. For, if all men were equally self-seeking; if everybody wanted everything for himself and, so long as his own wishes were gratified, cared not at all what the losses or grievances of other people were, the world would be an extremely unpleasant place to live in: it would be little better than a hell.

Next to the individual comes the family, which

is a congregation or association of individuals. Here again the strife of families has played a sinister part in history. It has prompted many frauds, enmities and cruelties, and it is still an outstanding feature of daily life among uncivilised or only partly civilised peoples. But, as the individual merges himself in the family, so the family merges itself after a time in the tribe or, when civilisation has attained a certain development, in the city. No student of human evolution can doubt that tribes, and after them cities, have again and again cherished a longstanding and deeply-rooted antagonism. They have been rivals. They have exulted in their rivalry. They have lived in a state of war one against the other; and they have never known any happiness, except when they have triumphed temporarily, if not permanently, as victors over their rivals. It would not be difficult to discern the embers of the ancient civic, if not of the ancient tribal, antagonism in the phenomena of social life to-day.

But in the process of the years or the ages the city has proved itself incapable of satisfying human aspirations. Soon or late the city has yielded place to the nation. It may happen, as in the United States of America at the time of the Civil War and in Germany after the war against France in 1870, that cities and states cease to be, or are not permitted to be, self-supporting and self-sufficing: they too must yield place to a higher and larger entity. Great Britain to-day is itself the remote descendant of the ancient Heptarchy. But the love of country is patriotism. It is the motive power of not a few among the ambitions and devotions which have distinguished

human history. Beyond it the nations of mankind have not yet apparently progressed. But it would be unreasonable to assume that patriotism is the last word in human evolution. If the cities and the communities lying within a certain area can coalesce by mutual agreement into countries, why should not the countries gradually coalesce, as children of one family, into the final consummation of humanity as one whole? The philosopher, if he forms, as he may well form, a cosmopolitan or humanitarian estimate of the future which lies before mankind, may well believe that, as the love of city has proved to be not a barrier but a precursor to the love of country, so the love of country will in the end show itself as not antagonistic but ancillary to the love of mankind. Patriotism then is a stage, a lofty, but not the supreme, stage, in the slow but sure evolution of humanity.

It is important to notice that, as the units in human history develop from smaller to larger, they are each in turn productive of qualities both high and low in the men and in the nations of men who compose them. Individualism, it is true, may result in no higher product than the self-sufficiency of one person, man or woman, standing alone. It is a transitional, indeed an ephemeral, stage, for human nature is driven by an irresistible instinct to association. But every unit, which rises above individualism, possesses at once the signal virtue that it takes the individual, as it were, out of himself; it teaches him to think not of himself alone, but of others as well as, and even more than, himself. It renders him conscious that he has become a member of a

body, small or large, from which he gains some unquestionable advantage, and to which he owes some indisputable services. It is so that all the units from the family to the nation evoke, in higher or lower degree, such virtues as courage, co-operation, dignity, self-sacrifice, and the unconscious, or still more the conscious, pursuit of an ideal which is always felt to be possible, yet at times may seem to be unattainable.

The virtue of self-sacrifice, wherever it occurs, is always ennobling and exalting. If it attains its supreme height in the martyr, it approximates to its supreme height in the hero. The blood-stained annals of human warfare are half-redeemed by the examples of men, and women too, who have thrown away all that is deemed to make life happy, and even life itself, for their country's sake. It is difficult to avoid a feeling of surprise that so many thousands of gallant soldiers and sailors have been ready, and apparently eager, to confront suffering, mutilation, and death for causes which, whether they did or did not redound to the glory of their fatherland, could bring little pleasure or profit to themselves. Great Britain and the British Empire may be held to fall behind no other nations and empires in the number and the nature of the heroic achievements which have been accomplished by their sons and even daughters. They have thought only of the noble lines :

" Here, and here, did England help me ; how can I help England ? "—say

but the sentiment of patriotism goes beyond service at sea or in the field. Everybody knows the pathetic

story of the younger Pitt, who, when he received at Bath the news of Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz, said, as he pointed to the map of Europe, " Roll up that map, it will not be wanted these ten years ". Then he returned to Putney, became weaker and weaker, and died on January 23rd, 1806, his last words being " O my country ! " But the sentiment of patriotism reaches far beyond Great Britain and the British Empire. Sir Walter Scott's well-known lines :

> Breathes there the man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?

are, as it were, an echo of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's words written so long ago as 1576, " He is not worthy to live at all that for fear of death, shunneth his countrie's service and his own honour ".

But patriotism, noble virtue as it is in itself, lies open to some self-evident criticism. It may exalt in a man the love of his own country at the cost of exciting a hatred of other countries. One of the benefits, which will probably arise, as the facility and the rapidity of locomotion increase, from the ever-growing intimacy of the nations, is that the spirit in which Nelson bade his seamen to hate a Frenchman as they hated the devil, will gradually be mollified, if not in the end destroyed. But patriotism, if it becomes a master motive in human lives, may endanger the stability of peaceful relations among different countries. A man may hold that it is his patriotic duty to pose as the enemy of other countries. He may regard other countries, and those especially which are contiguous to his own, as

leagued together against it. He may always seek to be prepared for war. He may insist upon the irrational doctrine that he who wishes for peace must make ready for war, as against the doctrine which teaches that to prepare for war, or to prepare for peace, is to make war or peace itself probable. It is not doubtful that many circumstances independent of mutual ill will may tend to provoke hostility between the nations. The growth of population is a problem of increasing urgency. Great Britain itself with its redundant population has been saved in the past from turmoil and distress by the enterprising spirit which has originated and characterised the British Empire. Germany and Japan to-day are both exercised by the difficulty of finding room, except through emigration, for the ever-growing numerical advance of their populations. There is some reason to fear that the exigencies of modern trade will aggravate the desire for amplification of territory. National selfishness is a phenomenon as real, if not as frequent, as individual selfishness, and it can be checked only by the same, or similar, means. Great Britain and Japan are opposed to-day in the rivalry of trade. But Japan is only pursuing the commercial policy which Great Britain pursued a century ago, and would, if need were, pursue to-day. It has been the good fortune of Great Britain that, partly owing to her own enterprise and partly to the inertia of other nations, she got a start in her world-wide activities, and the other nations are now trying, not altogether successfully, to catch her up. But it is no more than common sense to hold that, if a permanent reconciliation

between peoples is to be effected, it will be effected by the same means, or in the same way, as the reconciliation between individuals.

Let me then revert to the analogy between the relation of individuals and then of communities.

In a primitive society individuals, when a quarrel arises between them, can only fight it out. One of them must rise, the other must fall. There is no other means of deciding who shall be the higher and who shall be the lower except force. But civilisation, as it evolves, substitutes the rule of law for the rule of force. Men no longer resort to the use of swords and staves or of fire-arms for the settlement of their disputes. They appeal to the Courts of Law. It is no less their wisdom than their duty to seek a legal determination of the points at issue between them. For personal quarrels, like national wars, are fatal to the genuine interests of mankind. But in a civilised country it no longer occurs to citizens that they should take the law into their own hands. They feel a confidence, profound as it is silent, in the just administration of the law. The judge is superior to the litigants, if only because they recognise his superiority, and they accept his judgments, whether they welcome them or not, as expressions of a higher wisdom than their own.

To pass from individuals to nations, the same law holds good. Ever and again, as in the famous instance of the longstanding controversy between the republics of Chile and Argentina, it has been found possible to ensure by impartial arbitration the reign of peace instead of warfare. Why should not the nations of the world follow the example,

so strangely, yet so wisely, set by these two republics ?

The object of the League of Nations is to devise a process of establishing a Court of Law. But its political decisions, if they are binding upon all nations, are necessarily tedious. Its action is at times disappointing, even disheartening, but it is the only hope of the world. It may be necessary to provide the court with the means of enforcing its decisions. Behind the courts of justice in any single nation there lie always the resources of the police, and in the long run, of the army. The League of Nations then, if it is entitled to pronounce decisions, must be enabled to enforce those decisions. But, in all probability, as the means of enforcing them are strong, so will the occasions for using them be rare. It is by arbitration, and by arbitration alone, that the discords of humanity can be healed.

How then is patriotism, or the love of one nation, related to humanity or the love of all nations ? The answer will be found in the study of patriotism itself.

It is too much the fashion to think of patriotic feeling in a nation as directed wholly, or mainly, against other nations. The patriot is pictured as a warrior fully armed. He is always on the look out for injuries or insults. He is always ready and eager to resist them. It has become difficult to conceive a patriotism wholly remote from the office of attack upon other nations or defence against other nations. The manufacturer of arms, like the soldier at the front, feels himself to be a true representative of national interests.

It is no wish of mine to decry the patriotism of the battle-field. But I venture to suggest that a truer, perhaps even a higher, patriotism may be displayed in time of peace. For the citizen of a modern State must never forget or ignore his indebtedness to the State. He may be poor ; he may be feeble ; he may complain that he gets too small a share of the profits which accrue from his toil. But at the worst he can live in peace ; he can obtain food and drink ; if he earns money, he can keep it or spend it at will ; he can enjoy many pleasures or alleviations of distress. And all these blessings he owes to the civilisation embodied in the State. I should be the last to assume that the miners, who risk their lives every day, are not entitled to a higher share of the profits arising from the mines. They cannot be expected to work week after week and year after year for the benefit of mine-owners, especially of mine-owners whose faces they never see. But their condition is visibly improving, if only work can be found for them, and they enjoy a security which ought to excite, and I believe does generally excite, a lasting gratitude.

It is necessary to consider, and, if possible, to determine the true nature of patriotism as a principle of ambition or aggression. The patriot in this view is essentially an egoist or individualist. He thinks always of his own country ; he contrasts it with other countries which fall, as he holds, beneath it, in the scale of influence and importance ; he welcomes every opportunity not only of defending it but of aggrandising it at the expense of other countries. There is no need to deny or disguise the fact that

patriotism, even when it is so narrowly conceived, is the parent of many virtuous actions. There is a real danger that, if the rivalry of the nations were to cease, discipline and devotion would be less easily maintained and less frequently displayed than they are to-day. It is only too probable that a nation, like an individual, may, in default of active competition, sink into a narrow and selfish estimate of life. Nobody who is a true patriot at heart can ever forget the efforts which have been made, the losses which have been incurred, the sufferings which have been endured, and the deaths which have been gallantly sought and met in behalf of the noble spirit which patriotism engenders in a citizen towards his country. It cannot be wrong that the names of the heroes who have created and ennobled the British Empire should be deeply imprinted upon all British hearts. But patriotism, or the championship of a country, like the championship of a state or a city, must be prepared to reform itself. When the virtue of patriotism is inculcated in elementary and secondary schools, it should always be the virtue which exhibits itself in peace no less than in war. He may be a patriot who fights and falls for his country, and round his body, when he is laid in the grave, his national flag may be reverently wrapped ; but he is no less a patriot who, for his country's good, lays a chain upon those natural instincts which, if they are gratified, depreciate and deteriorate the national life. A drunkard, for example, is a bad citizen, for he lowers the whole tone of the society in which he lives, and, if all citizens were like him, the State itself would fall an

easy prey to the enemies which might so be tempted to attack it. A drunkard is a coward or a traitor, in so far as he weakens his State ; and he deserves to be treated, not perhaps with the same amount, but with the same kind, of reproach or contempt, which is heaped upon a coward. Similarly lust is as fatal as drink to the true patriotic spirit. A man who incapacitates himself, even when he is fighting at the front on active service, by the gratification of his sensual nature is no friend of his country. For, if all citizens and all soldiers were like him, the country would be impotent to hold up its head in the presence of hostile States. There is only one adequate definition of patriotism. It is good citizenship. The citizen, who quietly and patiently performs his duty to the State year after year without any thought of reward or applause, who is a good husband, a good father, a good friend of the poor and suffering, he is in the highest sense a patriot. The pity is that the citizens who render noble service in peace, are seldom rewarded with honours and titles, as they would be if they served equally in war. Yet it may well prove that they have done more than the warriors for the permanent safety and dignity of the State. There is no deeper need of Great Britain in the present day than an increase in the number of the patriots who love their country so well that they will not in any manner or degree gratify themselves at the expense of doing an injury to their fellow citizens.

These considerations serve to indicate how the love of country, which is the motive power of patriotism, may soon or late merge itself in the love of humanity. For nations which attack one another,

however eminent may be the courage or the sacrifice of individual citizens, are yet not furthering, but retarding, the progress of the world. They are wasting enormous sums of money—I do not say through their own fault, it may be through the fault or folly of other nations. They are causing, and it may be are bearing, too, an untold number of both physical and communal injuries. They are evoking the passions, which, when once they have been lashed to fury, can only with great difficulty be appeased. But in contrast to those citizens, and the wrongs which they inflict upon the resources and the opportunities of mankind, stand those citizens who, by their self-restraint and self-command, and by their labour of love, are year after year making the world richer, happier, and better than it was before. For the true end of patriotism is not opposed but closely allied to the true end of humanity. It is only when the nations, far from trying to defeat one another, shall seek in common to prosecute the ends which enlightened nations naturally set before themselves, that the world will be brought sensibly near to the heaven of Christian principles and aspirations.

So this essay upon patriotism may end with a strong assertion of the faith that the Christian spirit, as it was taught and shown by Jesus Christ, lies behind the amelioration not only of the family or of the country, but of humanity itself. The Golden Rule, that we should do unto others as we wish them to do unto us, is no less applicable to nations than to individuals. The difficulty which stands in the way of the Golden Rule is that the possibility

of its application seems far less feasible, or far less conceivable, in relation to large than to small units. Christian citizens understand how disputes between individuals should be, as they are, referred to judicial decision ; they understand that the disputes between cities should be referred to impartial arbitration. But it may be yet a long time before they realise that such a body as the League of Nations, if it is equitably constituted and rightfully directed, may be called by general consent to decide the issues which, if they are not authoritatively decided, can only produce warfare, and such warfare as will be infinitely more destructive than any warfare of which the world has gained experience in the long evolution of its history.

THE CHURCHES

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PIUS XI, the Reigning Pontiff, has assigned "exaggerated nationalism" as one of the main causes of the actual world-distress. The phrase implies that there is a nationalism which is not exaggerated; and again, that this nationalism "within limits" does not do harm, and is therefore not a bad thing but a good one. (See his Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*.)

The Church, in fact, always perceives a man to be (i) an individual, but (ii) living, by the very forces of his nature, in Society, that is, as an organic member of a much larger whole.

I am certainly "I"; the word "I" has a meaning, and its meaning is verified in each self-conscious unit. I am not anyone else. I even extend my personality, as they say, and "am" my property, somewhat as kings of England used to be callable "England" in one word; or, to get nearer to my experience, I feel my clothes to be "mine" so as practically to be "me", and I might dislike lending my shirt to a man much more than I should dislike lending him a shilling, even though I were more likely to get my shirt back than my shilling. I am, in short, irrevocably an individual, thinking "my" thoughts, feeling "my" feelings, at which a man may merely guess—for *he* does not feel *them*—I do, and no one else.

But no individual is self-sufficient. You cannot

explain human nature without mentioning both man and woman. No individual can so much as exist without the co-operation of both sexes. Indeed, a child is in a true sense his father and his mother. A wider unit has been created—father-mother-child—that is, the family. This is in the nature of things—it is not a question of " ought " ; " it ought to be so "—it just *is* so. Between me and my father and mother, a relation exists that simply is non-existent between me and those who are not my parents, and anyone who is not their child. By adopting a child, they can set up legal relations, and, no doubt, moral relations with him ; but the physical relationship simply is not there. Hence, unless we are prepared to deny and to eliminate the physical element in human nature—which would merely be to play the fool, because there it *is*, whether I deny it or not—we must acknowledge the Family as the first complete, basic, and indestructible human unity.

But Families are themselves but seldom, if ever, self-sufficient. Nor has history ever offered us examples of a number of families living juxtaposed without coalescing into larger groups. Indeed, history suggests that Families have often had very little meaning save as within a Tribe. In many parts of the world it is the Tribe that matters. The fact expresses itself in a thousand initiation-rituals occurring at adolescence, when a child is officially incorporated in the larger unit ; in marriage-customs ; in religious rites. Short of this, we observe the imperishable instinct in human people to make groups—be they simply groups of friends, or of people who need one another for their better-being (like

trade-unions), or again units due to locality, for, while families need more than themselves in order to live properly—each family, for example, cannot build its own house, make its own shoes, milk its own cow, educate fully its own children—none the less they cannot mix with, co-operate with, or even adequately imagine groups so large that they never actually meet the individuals who compose them. Thus it is very rare that a northerner in any country feels wholly in sympathy with southerners within it. One consequence of this is the emergence of " classes ". People are sufficiently numerous, but also sufficiently like and unlike, to fall into groups which cut across other (e.g. local) groupings. Thus a rich or a refined man from Lancashire is apt to feel more " in one " with the same sort of person from London, than with coarse or ignorant persons from his own country. He may indeed feel for a while a sort of conflict—his traditional instinct may lead him to feel akin to other Lancastrians whoever they are ; but on the whole what is psychological goes deeper than what is merely local, and people cohere because they have the same kind of mind and sentiments.

We have now begun to see that what ties people together is not only what is physical (in the narrower sense, actual ties of flesh and blood ; or in the wider, proximity ; identity of occupation, etc.), but what is mental and therefore spiritual. After all Lancastrian and Londoner are " one thing " as both being Englishmen. They belong to the same " nation ", and have a sense of " nationality ", which causes them to contrast themselves with everyone not sharing that nationality.

The " nation " is the largest group to which we belong, short of the " race ", of which we are not now speaking. A nation is not constituted merely by frontiers—the post-War treaties have left us in no doubt about *that.* There is nothing more arbitrary than frontiers. Nor yet by unity of financial interests ; commerce may well be international and yet constitute no sense of nationality as between the two negotiators. Nor yet, by unity of language, though it goes very far towards assisting that sense, because language is, or ought to be, rooted in and issuant from nature itself ; and when a conquering power wants really to fuse its victim into itself, it tries at once to suppress or subordinate the language of the vanquished in and out of school. What really makes a " nation " is what creates a " sense of nationality " ; a common mind, such as the Greeks went far towards getting after the Persian wars.

Until this common mind has developed so far that men disregard even their place of origin, the history of their blood, in favour of it, till they cease saying, for example, I am a Jugoslav in the United States ; an Irishman in Australia, there is not yet a perfect sense of nationality, nor a perfect nation. Here again we see all sorts of artificial methods resorted to, for the *construction* of such a sense, or at least the prohibition of anything that might interfere with it, not least in the schools, the Press, or exterior symbols like flags.

When, however, the feeling is perfected, it may be said that the nation is so too, because given that men are what they are, imagination and sentiment are more powerful than logic or force, and this has not

yet fully taken place in, for example, Jugoslavia as between Slovenes, Croats and Serbs, nor yet in the two parts of Ireland.

Finally, the moment a complex unit like a Nation exists, obligations arise both on the side of its citizens and on that of its Government. The Nation is an expression of the " better-being " of its citizens ; and the State comes into existence for the same reason, so that it, and its Government, exist for the better-being of the citizens and not vice versa. When the Government regards citizens as existing for itself, and exploits them, it has turned into a tyranny, and the problem of cessation of obligations arises. But till then, citizen and State are bound together by all sorts of sentimental ties, or " affections ", and also by mutual obligations. To every right a duty corresponds.

Now the Church teaches that everything that God created is in itself good. We are each of us individuals, and individuality ought never to be crushed. Again, the Family is a pure product of nature, and it ought to be intangible, and every attack upon its coherence is wrong. And she insists that the State is good, and indeed supreme within its own sphere, which is government of the nation. She teaches therefore that Nationality, and (obviously) the sense of it, are in themselves good. She observes that all men have in them the tendency to greed, i.e. to get, keep, or use, more than they ought to, for selfish ends. Thus the individual may feel no affection for his family, which is a pity ; or disregard his obligations towards it, and this is wrong, and, since the supreme origin of Justice is God, a sin. But at the other end, a Family, or its parents, may override the weaker of its individual

members, so that a neurotic father or a jealous mother may make life intolerable for their children and (e.g. by selfishly forbidding marriages) destroy the whole of their future. And history is full of the internecine feuds between families, each eager for power, so much so that there have been periods in the life of a country nominally governed by a king, when in reality it was the great nobles who aimed at governing, and, by their feuds, made the average citizen miserable. Such was the reign of Edward VI in England.

Now just as I hold the parody of individuality—a good thing—to be individual*ism*—a disgusting thing —so I should hold that to the sense of nationality corresponds its parody, which I call national*ism*, and in that sense I use the word, meaning by it a will to preserve and aggrandise the Nation at the expense of other Nations, thereby engendering every kind of hatred, and in the long run war, and unforgivable crimes.

Negatively, then, the Church forbids every kind of injustice, as between individuals, or groups. She does not allow that morals are *only* a private affair. It is a sin if I pick a pocket, but it is a much worse sin if I cheat on a large scale, as I can do in business. And of course it is a still worse crime and sin if a trading-concern exploits whole tribes or peoples, as is still constantly happening in trade with Natives, or even when a white Government " industrialises " Natives, not for their good (which it never is) but for its own, because it can get native labour cheap and does not care whether or not this demoralises the Native, breaks up his house, very often ruins his health, and even teaches him vices that he never knew

of before. This is collective and calculated murder, an unproclaimed war in which the one side cannot but be beaten, and a sin in which all share who support such a Government without all possible protest. What we have said about Natives, as being the weakest and therefore all the while at the mercy of rich men with guns, holds true about Nations that *can* put up some sort of resistance, as within Europe, at least by way of alliances. However much my country stands to gain by an unjust war of aggression, I may never join in it, and so far as I can see the only excuse a man will have (since the last war taught us the futility of war) for joining in active fighting is that the Press and politicians keep us so much in the dark as to fact, that we have the right to *assume* that what we hear about the innocence of our " side " is true, because we do not know it to be false. On the other hand we are all so well aware that secret finance, probably international, and having nothing to do with justice in any sense, is at the back of half the Press, and managing even eminent politicians, that the uncertainty tilts towards the probability of modern war being unjust in any case, and no measure for making the happiness of peoples in the slightest degree more secure, but the reverse. Hence at least I ought never to provoke even remotely war-like feeling, by angering and galling speeches, caricatures, and so forth ; let alone to wish that war should break out and even to go some distance in order that it should do so, so that my sales of munitions should go up. Nor can I admit that it is right for me to supply arms to a combatant who is fighting a country with which I am at peace.

When I was in the Argentine recently, I could find no one who refrained from stating, in word or print, that the Chaco war was a put up job. It was asserted that no ordinary Bolivian or Paraguayan citizen wanted the war ; that they had not originally possessed the amount of munitions that they used, and could not buy them after a while. Hence it was deduced that those behind the firms that supplied the munitions gambled upon being able to pay them, because they must know of some commodity, such as oil or minerals, in the disputed territory, and had extracted promises of concessions. For myself, I could not judge the worth of these allegations, but they were openly and universally made. Assuming that there was some truth in them, those guilty of the transactions were both criminals, and sinners, and gravely offending against both justice and charity, and worthy of extreme punishment both in this world and the next.

But positively, the Church wishes us to go much further than this. Her law is one of love, and she wishes us to display and make use of love in all our transactions. True, there is an *order* in charity. It " begins at home ", as the proverb says. I ought to love myself—in the sense that I must not do anything that would injure my soul ; and again, my family because my primary obligations are there ; and then, my fatherland, because normally that is what I am directly beholden to in a thousand ways ; and then, other nations and the race I belong to, and to all races. But in no case have I the right to do evil that good may come, and to work for what I love at the cost of sin, personal or social. The Christian has Christ for

model ; Christ was a Jew, and loved His land and the City and the Temple with all His heart, and indeed confined His personal mission to Palestine. But He preached no exclusive nationalism ; never translated His love for His land into hate for that of others ; spoke no word about financial, militarist, or other kinds of earthly aggrandisement. Indeed, this was in part what drew down so much obloquy upon Him, and, in the end, His death. The fifth chapter of St. Matthew shows how He wished Christians to be " perfect " according to the manner in which their Heavenly Father was perfect, who sends His rain, and makes His sun to shine, on unjust no less than on the just. The point of His argument here is, that everything that is substantial in the Old Law, is good, and must be preserved. But, for the Christian, it is not good *enough* and must be transcended. The *lex talionis* ensured justice in the sense that crime met its accurate punishment—" an eye for an eye "—and that then no feud or vendetta or forth-spreading of the ill will due to the crime was to be permitted. But the Christian must keep his mind—not on *sin*, to requite or even to avoid it, but on God in order to please Him, as a beloved Father, and to be like Him so far as human nature can be so.

It is, then, improbable, that we shall ever stop war, or international ill will, from above, so to say—by programmes, arguments, laws, etc. ; but if a sufficiency of genuine Christian individuals come into being, then the nation will be Christianised and in a Christian nation there will be no tendency to war. Members of such a nation will love it, but not at the expense of any other nation ; still less will they translate their

love for their own nation into terms of contempt or hate for any other. Since nationality itself is due to a state of mind, as we said, so a right sense of nationality will be due to a right state of mind, and it is the Church's duty to preach that " right mind ", and in proportion as she does, she will doubtless be very unpopular ; for popular passion is never on the side even of calm reason, let alone of sacrificial love. Finally, the more you love Christ, the more Christ-like your country is, the more it must vindicate your love. Hence the more our land stands for the Eucharistic virtues of peace, charity and unity, the more shall we be able to be patriots. But for that, great personal and national self-discipline will be needed, and just now we do not see many signs of the latter.

THE CHURCHES

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PATRIOTISM is as deeply rooted as any other great and worthy passion in the heart of man. Those who think to uproot and destroy it deceive themselves. It neither can nor should be destroyed. To say that it has been abused, misused, or made a cloak for rascality is nothing to the purpose ; or is to the purpose only as a warning that the corruption of the best is, as always, the worst. It is a warning moreover that we should do for this as for other great and therefore dangerous passions—we should try to find out what patriotism is and what it demands of us. We should not permit ourselves to be hurried into acts which disgrace our countries, in the name of the love we bear them.

Danger is found where there is strong feeling but death where there is none. That patriotism is one of the most powerful of all passions history has shown again and again. The smallest country, oppressed, will turn with fury, even if it be a helpless fury, against its oppressor ; the largest country, torn by internal divisions because of its size and apparent security from attack, will begin to feel its nationhood when it is in danger.

This is so true that for some time before the outbreak of the Great War we had almost become accustomed

to the idea that it was only the small nations that were able to feel a passionate patriotism. They were continually in peril and continually patriotic ! We were to learn that when we were all in danger we were all patriotic. We were to learn, and surely by now we should have learnt well and truly, that no power on earth can destroy in the hearts of men and women the love they bear their country.

Let us remember this ; for it is futile to go on preaching an internationalism which consists in rooting out of the heart that which will never be rooted out. To say that a man should love all countries alike is as reasonable as to say that he should love all people alike. People—or peoples—what is the difference ? A man should love his wife better than another woman, should he not ? And his children more than the children of others ? If he does not, his love will hardly be creative ! If he does, he will be able to understand the love of other husbands and wives and fathers and mothers and children, and will not try to erect a society on the pretence that these loves do not exist or ought not to exist. Some very great men have dreamed of such a society but no one has created it, nor will.

Certainly we must admit that these passions are dangerous. Men have been guilty of sacrificing everything to a private love. The love of family has corrupted public service. Men have preferred their children to offices for which they were unfit, and will doubtless do it again. An Antony throws away a world for Cleopatra. While therefore we accept and rejoice in passionate emotions, we must seek to make them as fine as they are strong and their

energy as creative as, if wrongly used, it must be destructive.

Patriotism has this quality of emotion, and in the name of patriotism men, carried away by its force, have destroyed the liberties, the gifts, and even perhaps the very life of other nations ; or have sought to do so and have succeeded in destroying the basis of the world's peace by their injustice or their greed. They have poisoned men's minds with hatred, fear, or the desire for vengeance. In this way they have even succeeded in persuading many idealists that patriotism is in itself a vice. This is what we must now recognise to be a mistake.

Internationalism, if it is taught as the opposite and enemy of patriotism, is not indeed so dangerous a force and therefore it cannot do so much harm ; for the same reason it cannot do much good. Such internationalism is academic and inert. It teaches men to think but not to feel, and that is why it is less dangerous, for only when thought is charged with feeling will it take action. A man may be, or think himself to be, thoroughly convinced that he ought to love all countries alike, but such an attitude of mind is highly intellectual and because it defies one of the deepest instincts of our nature it remains without effect on our conduct. Patriotism on the other hand is always dangerous because it is always moving to action.

Looking at the world as it is to-day, when nationalism (which is a false patriotism) is rampant everywhere, it is natural to think that patriotism itself is evil. Let us take a wider view and look at the whole history of the world so far as we know it. There

we shall see more dispassionately what patriotism is and what, because of its terrific force, it has done. We shall see not only the abominable cruelties, oppressions, injustices, and equally abominable revenges, to which it has impelled humanity. We shall see also and because, in looking backwards at our history, we are not frightened, we shall see quite clearly the courage and devotion, the acts of heroism and lives of service to which also men have been moved by this dreaded passion. It may have been in the name of patriotism that men engaged in a war which resulted in tearing Schleswig-Holstein from the people of Denmark ; it was patriotism indeed which persuaded the Danes to make of their mutilated territory a country which has been in many respects a pattern to other richer and more powerful lands. It was a crude nationalism which inspired the militarists of ancient Israel ; it was patriotism which inspired the passionate denunciations of their own countrymen, of an Isaiah or a Jeremiah. Indeed, if nationalism has inspired the idiotic boasts of much " patriotic " poetry and even falsified the pages of presumably sober histories, not less has the same passion in a purer form moved men who loved their countries with passion to a fearless denunciation of their sins, even though for such truth-telling they must pay the penalty with their liberty or their lives.

Who are those leaders among men who have most nobly loved their people ? Jesus of Nazareth first of all.

We are not accustomed to think of him as a patriot. Is that not because we have thought of patriotism

so ignobly that we dared not think we might share it with him? Read the Gospels again, with this thought in the mind, and see how profound was the love of Jesus Christ for his own people. He "died for men he never knew" but—

> Yet I think at Golgatha,
> As Jesus' eyes were closed in death,
> They saw with a most passionate love
> The village street at Nazareth.*

Here is the perfect love—the perfect Lover. "He died for men he never knew"—he died for all the world; but it was his rejection by his own people that broke his heart. It was the little streets of Nazareth that he thought of at the last.

Jesus rejected the idea of a Jewish conquest of the world. He not only saw that it was impossible; he even did not wish for it. Why? Because he loved Israel well enough to see what her great gift was. He made no mistake, as men who love less mistake. Love is not blind but piercingly clear-sighted. Jesus saw that the gift of Israel was not military or political or artistic, but spiritual. He reminded his hearers (and he hardly spoke outside Palestine) of their own spiritual genius, of the progress and achievement of Israel in spiritual things, and from this eminence in things spiritual (a Sermon on the Mount indeed)—he urged them on to greater and to greater heights.

We Christians are apt to miss the meaning of this appeal. The atrocious history of the dealings of Christendom with the fellow-countrymen of Jesus Christ blurs our sight. We are not anxious to call

* Hilton Young, "Christmas".

up to our minds the background of our Lord's life lest it remind us that he was a Jew. The meaning of that reiterated appeal in the Sermon on the Mount escapes us—or rather we actually pervert its meaning. "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time . . . but I say unto you. . . ."

We complacently suppose that Christ was rebuking a wrong and barbarous code of morals in a barbarous people ; but he was—quite on the contrary—reminding his countrymen of the loftiness of their moral code and the noblest of their traditions. They had been taught by the prophets of God that they must not seek revenge like the heathen who will, if he can, kill one who has injured him even a little, and perhaps exterminate his family and his tribe ; the Israelite must seek justice only—" an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth ". And it is not because they have again and again failed to reach this standard but because it is, after all, still theirs, that they are the people chosen by God to lead the world to higher achievement.

They refused to follow him and his heart was broken ; but was not his love truly patriotic ? Is not patriotism the desire that one's country should serve more, and more nobly, than any the forward march of mankind ? To-day Israel will wish to be remembered in history not by her conquests but by her service ; not by her material but by her spiritual achievement. Not Saul but Isaiah—not Judas Maccabaeus but Jesus Christ—these are what the world values her for, and what she values in herself.

We shall perhaps understand better what patriotism is if we take this test : by what is our place assessed

in history? What are the things of which we are most proud when we look back?

Here is an answer from an Englishman.

"Consider", says Carlyle, writing of our pride in the glory of Shakespeare—"consider what this Shakespeare has actually become among us . . . he is the grandest thing we have yet done. For our honour among foreign nations, as an ornament to our English household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him? Consider now, if they asked us, will you give up your Indian Empire or your Shakespeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakespeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer; Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakespeare! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakespeare does not go, he lasts forever with us; we cannot give up our Shakespeare!"*

In ages to come men will judge of England by what she gave to the world, not by what she took from it. So, looking backward already to ages long ago, does the world judge of Greece. It is not her battles but her civilisation, not her conquests but her poets, her sculptors, her builders, that are for us the test of her greatness. Is India more proud of her Mogul Empire or of her sons, Gautama Buddha and Mahatma Gandhi? And if she values more these great spiritual leaders, does not the world agree with her in this? And China—are not Confucius and

* Carlyle, "Heroes and Hero Worship".

Leo-tze her gift to the world and her claim to the world's homage ?

Securus judicat orbis terrarum. The world judges nations so : the world is right. History assigns her place to a nation by her services far more than by her conquests. True patriotism knows this and accepts it. No one need fear that we must choose between inflaming in our children a mad nationalism by teaching them history as a record of successful wars waged by their country (however wickedly) and of territory seized (however dishonestly) and leaving them without knowledge of its history or love for its traditions. There is another way of teaching patriotism and another way of inspiring the rising generation with love of their country. It is for us to show how our country has served the world and where it may hope to serve again and better. It is to initiate a child into the highest traditions and noblest gifts of his fatherland ; to make him proud of its special genius ; to fill him with dread at the mere thought of failure in raising the standard higher and carrying the torch further.

Such patriotism is never nationalist. It does not divide the nations into warring camps ; it unites them in a common desire to serve. It does not destroy, for the patriot with the clearsightedness of love seeks in other countries the gifts they have to share with him, and, because he knows how to love and honour the gifts and traditions of his own country, he understands the love and honour that other men bear to theirs. Because the Englishman loves Shakespeare he understands the love that Italians have of Dante, that of Germans for Goethe. Because he is proud of

the great traditions of his own country he can understand the pride of the American, the Indian, the Chinese, for what is great in theirs.

There is something, to the man who loves his country, that finds itself in sympathy with other lovers. In his heart the patriot does not like to hear the American wish himself a Briton, any more than he himself would admit a wish to be a Frenchman. If one is so unfortunate as to be unable to love one's own country best, one is in the position of a man who sorrowfully admits in his own heart that he does not love his mother as he would wish to love her and as mothers should be loved : but in his heart only. He does not boast aloud of this cold-heartedness or this misfortune. So if he cannot freely declare that he loves his own country best, he will have the grace to keep silence. Nothing will compel him to say that he wishes he had been born of another race. There is in such a statement something that revolts.

If, however, the patriot loves his country better than others, he is not arrogant, because this very love makes him see where his country is great and where it lacks. If he loves her best he is the more sensitive to her mistakes. If he is proud of her great traditions it is the more dreadful to him when she is untrue to them. No one on earth is more sorely troubled by her failures than he is ; no one will more willingly lay down his life in opposition to her if he is convinced that she is in error. If she must commit a shameful deed it will be over his dead body.

The true lover of India is more concerned when she turns to materialism or atheism than others need be, for the gifts of the spirit are India's great inheritance.

Bad art is more abominable in China than elsewhere, for the Chinese are the greatest artists in the world. The spirit of defeatism should be more indignantly denounced in America by Americans because it is their glorious refusal to accept defeat in anything that has often come to the rescue of almost despairing dwellers in the Old Worlds. Sins against freedom are atrocious in Englishmen, who have the love of liberty in their blood, and the true lover of England will in these hard days for democracy defy England herself if need be, with the cry—

> Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but flying
> Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind.

Such is patriotism. Let no one try to uproot it ; he will fail. Let no one expect to change the world with any lesser passion than this ; he will fail again. It is not easy to change the world. Have not most of us had a try ? We fail because there is first to be moved a huge and inert mass of thought and feeling mixed. These thoughts are old and have worn ruts in our minds from which, when we can be roused to the effort of thinking again, it is hard to escape. These feelings are strong so that we do not even understand that they are feelings ; we mistake them for facts.

To change the world means to change in ourselves many of these feelings and thoughts. It takes dynamite to move the mass of them ! Coagulated as they are with centuries of pressure, nothing less will serve. But it is not thought that can be this dynamite—or rather not thought alone but thought charged with emotion.

In patriotism we have an emotion which can move the world ; an emotion which has driven individuals to lose the instinct of self-preservation (rightly supposed to be almost invincible) and to rush upon death with desire ; which has lifted whole nations to the peaks of self-sacrifice. Why seek to destroy so great and indestructible a passion ? Why waste it on ignoble uses ? Why leave it to the brute uses of nationalism and pride ? Why not give it its chance and let it transform us and the world with its power ? Only with such a passion as this can we succeed and by a dynamic change convert our noble desire for the greatness of our country to the ends proposed by Jesus Christ—" He that would be greatest among you let him be as him that serveth ".

ECONOMIST

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Sometime Finance Member of the Government of India;
Director of the Bank of England

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THE word Patriotism has suffered badly from its form. The English language has a number of nouns denoting human virtues, such as Honesty, Loyalty, Piety, which are derived from Latin nouns ending in *-tas*. These nouns have as a rule been fortunate in their history. It is otherwise with the *-isms*, derived from the Greek or more often coined afresh in English on the analogy of words of Greek origin. Even if a particular *-ism* has not from the beginning had an evil connotation, it is all too liable to share some of the obloquy which attaches to *-isms* in general.

The word which comes nearest to expressing the meaning of patriotism in Latin is "pietas", the virtue of which "pius Aeneas" is the classic exemplar. "Pietas" has given English the words "piety" and "pity", but they have lost any connection with that loyalty and devotion to the homeland for which, in the absence of some such word as "patrioty", we have chosen the Greek-derived noun "patriotism". In the result it is much easier in speech or writing to use the words "patriot" or "patriotic" than it is to use the word "patriotism".

A patriot is a man who is truly devoted to his

country. Patriotism should mean the virtue of a patriotic man ; but it may also be used to denote or decry the loudly trumpeted, self-assertive profession of patriotic fervour of a man whose motives are self-seeking.

If " patriotism " had not been an *-ism,* Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, on using the word in a recent speech, would not have felt it necessary to assure his audience that he did not use it in a cheap way. Nor would Dr. Johnson, a true patriot and, what is now comparatively rare, an English patriot rather than a British patriot, have been able to say : " Patriotism, sir, is the last refuge of a scoundrel ". The dangers of cheapening the word are indeed real.

Even more difficult to endure are the injuries inflicted upon it, in all good faith, by the most sincere of people. A letter which appeared not long ago in *The Times* defined patriotism as " the desire for the progress, the welfare and above all the security of our country ". Both the words used and their order, and the emphasis upon security are worthy of remark. Surely patriotism is something more than a sublimation of the motto " Safety First " ? But this is not the worst sin of the definition quoted. Patriotism is not a desire for something external or objective. It is the quality or virtue of the patriot. " Where the heart is right, there is true patriotism ", wrote Bishop Berkeley. " Love of one's country "; " the passion which moves a person to serve his country ", are among the best dictionary definitions. " Passion " is indeed the right word, a self-forgetting passion which identifies the individual with the whole past and future of his country or his race and

can be expressed only in devotion and service. And because it is a passion which pulls at the heart strings, it calls for reticence, and for reverence; boasting annihilates it; blatancy desecrates it; it is apt to be dissolved by cold-blooded analysis.

On the morning of the Boat Race a small boy expressed a fervent hope that the Cambridge stroke would fall down and break his leg before the race started. A scandalised master had no difficulty in winning his assent to the view that there would be little glory for Oxford if they won in such circumstances. The boy had learnt that patriotism is not partisanship but has something to do with glory. A few years later a big boy, commenting on the news of a British reverse in a guerrilla action during the Boer War, expressed satisfaction that at any rate a number of Boers had been killed. He was puzzled rather than convinced by the obvious horror of a scandalised master. The Boers were few in number, he argued; therefore the more of them that were killed the sooner would come the final British victory. Still he had not learnt that patriotism does not consist in wanting people of other countries to be killed for one's own country, and that it has something to do with humanity. During the Great War a grown man learnt a harder lesson. Willingness to die for his country, he found, could not justify him in choosing on personal grounds the particular form of his own War Service in disobedience to the orders of his superiors, reinforced by the assent of his own reason though not of his heart, and he had to be content with non-combatant work. He had learnt that patriotism could not be self-regarding. Not

seldom is it easier to contemplate dying for an ideal than living for it.

For those of us who are now of the older generation it is difficult to think of patriotism as being other than a virtue, a generous passion for his or her country, which every self-respecting man and woman must feel as unquestionably right as are honesty and loyalty. We remember the Great War and our glorious Dead, the valiant hearts who gave their lives for the country they loved. It comes as a bewildering shock to us therefore to hear some of our young friends remark coldly : " On the whole we are against patriotism ", or words to that effect. We and they cannot, we feel, be speaking of the same thing.

The puzzle is, in fact, solved quickly enough when we realise that what our young friends mean by patriotism is a narrow, self-regarding nationalism to which they are too patriotic to surrender their intelligences. Unfortunately nationalism is itself another of those words which may be used with a good or bad connotation. A nationalist is not necessarily an enemy of international peace and international co-operation. On the contrary he may well be convinced that the most practical means at his disposal for serving humanity at large irrespective of nationality is to devote his activities to the service of the particular community to which he belongs, primarily perhaps in a sphere which covers something much less than his whole nation, but usually, by virtue of his citizenship, embracing more generally the whole of his fellows who own allegiance to the same sovereignty as himself. He will justify his

faith by the conviction that to attempt more will be to lose all sense of direction and all touch with reality in a sentimental idealism which calls itself Internationalism.

There is a clear distinction between nationalism and patriotism. The latter used in the true sense is, as already stated, a self-forgetting passion which can be expressed only in devoted service for one's country. The former is not a passion but a reasoned belief based on logical conclusions drawn from definite premises. Nationalism may indeed become a passion, but in so doing becomes an evil passion, expressible rather in hatred and malice against other nations than in devotion to one's own.

The objection to patriotism may, however, take another form. Granted, it may be said, that patriotism is rightly defined as an unselfish love for one's own country, what ethical value is there in patriotism? Human history records a slow and gradual development from loyalties confined to families, through the stages of loyalties to the group, loyalties to the tribe, on to loyalties to the Nation or State. Has not the time come when loyalty to the Nation or to the State represents too narrow an ideal, when nothing short of love for and loyalty to humanity as a whole will satisfy the aspirations of civilised man? Does not the love for and loyalty to the narrower group represented by the Nation or the State, if it is more than a sentiment, militate against the growth of the larger loyalty?

It is not enough to urge in reply that there is room for more than one loyalty in the lives of most men. Affection for his family or his church may

enhance rather than impair the value to his country of a soldier or a statesman. But he will stand condemned at once if in a position of responsibility he allows himself to be betrayed into nepotism by promoting a member of his family over the heads of more worthy candidates to the prejudice of his country's interests, or into bigotry by refusing to appoint a man of different religious faith from his own.

Let it then be conceded at once that if patriotism can ever be truly compared to a tribal loyalty and set in opposition to love for humanity as a wider loyalty, patriotism must give way. " My country right or wrong " may indeed be the verdict of the noble soul confronted by a torturing choice and unable to reach the self-assured certainty that the majority of his fellow-countrymen are wrong. But such a verdict must not be claimed in the name of patriotism, in defiance of the human right to freedom of conscience. Chatham opposing the war with the rebel colonies of America was as true a patriot as North or King George III, and a greater statesman. In the name of patriotism, of love of his country, Chatham opposed a war in which his country was engaged to the hurt of her good name.

A man may be honest and yet misguided. A man may be a patriot and lack wisdom in council. This is not to say that honesty is a bad guide or that patriotism is the cause of unwisdom. Patriotism, like religion, has been the occasion or the cloak for many crimes. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* It is not religion or patriotism but human folly and human wickedness on which the responsibility truly falls.

There is a long historical connection between patriotism and the very soul of a man's native land. "This is my own, my native land"; "There's some corner of a foreign field that is for ever England". The age-old heart-cry of the exile is for the familiar sights and sounds of his own country, or more poignant still, for one particular spot which for him sums up the full meaning of Home. It may be that this intimate attachment to the soil of his fatherland is never far distant from the soul of the patriot.

To talk of the financial approach to patriotism is to invite nausea. Nothing could be more meaningless. Patriotic men and women can be found in every walk in life, among stockbrokers and bankers as well as among bishops and soldiers. But, with the doubtful exception of the last, a man who professes to have chosen his profession on patriotic grounds or to be guided by patriotic motives in the conduct of his business is rightly suspect. It may be true, but it is bound to sound like cant. It is much more likely to be true if it is not proclaimed.

There is a widespread belief that most financiers tend to be internationalist in mind, and that an internationalist cannot be a patriot. People whose daily business is concerned solely or mainly with dealing in money and not in things may in fact run special risk of having their minds and hearts divorced from that sense of the soil which nourishes the sentiment of patriotism. This is all the more probable in the case of town-dwellers with no roots in the soil. Yet it is characteristic of the successful business man that the first use he makes of his wealth is generally

to try and correct this lack by buying a country place and attaching his family to a country home and pursuits.

Yet though love of the soil may be favourable to the growth of patriotism, it is not of its essence. The proof of patriotism in statesman, soldier, lawyer and business man alike is in the unhesitating self-forgetting readiness to subordinate personal and family and all other interests to the community's call for service. For all its vulgarisation during the Great War, the call "Your King and Country need you" is one to which the generous heart will never fail to respond.

But the call must be true; and it must carry conviction to the individual, whose rights and duty of free private judgment are not suspended and must not be overridden. Edith Cavell's patriotism led her to death for her country; yet it was she who said, "Patriotism is not enough". Looking beyond patriotism her love reached out to all humanity. But if her passionate patriotism had not taught her the way of selfless devotion for others, would her love for humanity have expressed itself in heroic action, that did not count the cost?

Here, perhaps, is the kernel of the matter. Patriotism is actively unselfish and un-self-regarding. Lesser loyalties to the family or the group can be, and often are, lovely in their expression, but they almost inevitably contain an element that is self-regarding. The reward may be neither visible nor material; it may be obtainable only by heavy sacrifice of personal comforts or ambitions; yet if the sphere of labour be as narrow as the family or

the firm, some self-regarding motives are likely to be present. The wider the group, the greater is the scope for self-forgetting. When the group becomes so wide as to embrace the whole of a man's fellow citizens, the opportunity and the need for selfless devotion become infinite. They can scarcely be widened by extension to humanity at large. The result of such extension may well be to frustrate their practical expression in action. The world acclaimed Monsieur Doumergue's unselfish patriotism in leaving his retirement at the age of seventy-eight and coming forward to give France a National Government at the moment of her great need. The service which he rendered was truly service to humanity.

The true patriot is the first to recognise and applaud patriotism in others belonging to other nations. A deed of heroism by an enemy or body of enemy troops in time of war wins the admiration of friend and foe alike. For all that they are enemies, we feel that humanity as a whole is enriched and ennobled by their act. Casabianca was a French hero, but he was a hero in England even during the continuance of the Napoleonic Wars. So far from encouraging the growth of a narrow nationalism or pandering to its evil manifestations, patriotism is its natural corrective. It makes the whole world kin.

Diversity of mankind in race, language, colour and creed, and the political divisions between nations and groups of nations are facts of the present-day world. These facts involve problems of national and international organisation and intercommunication.

As science annihilates distance and makes the several regions and peoples of the world more and more interdependent, all men, leaders and rank and file alike, are called upon more and more to possess and display the highest qualities of human citizenship, and to subject to reasoned discipline more primitive instincts of combativeness and acquisitiveness. Their power for good is enhanced by membership of a community. As individuals, especially if they are out of tune with their neighbours, they are weak. There are misfits in every community and group, and sometimes it is the possession of genius which makes them misfits. More often it is a form of vanity which makes a man seek and find virtues in the peoples and governments of every country but his own.

Heredity and environment combine to predispose most men and women to find the best means to the good life and the widest opportunities for service to their fellows within the nation to which they belong. The peoples of the British Empire have the good fortune to possess a double citizenship. They are called upon to feel and show a patriotism both towards their own nation and towards the British Empire of which their own nation is a partner. Even so, the wisest and best of their number have, as a rule, not been afraid to proclaim themselves first of all patriotic Australian or Canadian or South African or British citizens and to claim that only so can they be patriotic citizens of the British Empire.

So is it in regard to the human race as a whole. So long as separate nationalities exist—and few of

us in our hearts can wish for their disappearance, still less for their suppression—the best citizen of the world, the truest servant of humanity, will be he whose passionate devotion to his own country drives him to selfless activity for its well-being and its good name.

EDUCATIONIST

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IT has been truly observed by a writer skilled in the analysis of Christian character that "reason may convict a sinner, but only feeling can create a saint". Similarly it is true that patriotism is instinctive. It springs from a feeling, a human experience, which may be irrational—perhaps—but, beyond any peradventure, is real. "The day of patriotism, like the age of chivalry, is gone" seems to form the burden of much of the modern, or modernist, song around us. But is it? Sentiment is a stronger influence than logic in moulding most men's outlook, and therefore also in determining their actions. Sentiment is not the same thing as sentimentality. The one is a virtue, commanding respect; the other is its exaggeration (its "deflection" or corruption, to use the old terms), arousing its proper corrective, ridicule. The man whose soul is tempered in the normal, which is the natural, way loves his country with a passionate and a noble devotion, not only and not principally because he recognises the debt he owes it for all that it has given him from the day of his birth onwards, but because he cannot help it; it is his nature so to do.

Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.*

* Why I do so, perchance you ask. I know not; but I feel that 'tis so, and—it hurts.

In every love, whether of one's friend or of one's native land, there lurks the vitalising sting of pain. It is not a mere passive experience. It stings to action, to expression, and to sacrifice. Just now I called this love, of person or of land, a sentiment. More properly it should be called the instinctive response of the living individual to his spiritual environment. For just as life in its physical aspect means the continuous adaptation of the individual to its environment (if the individual ceases to breathe the air, to drink water, to eat food, it dies), so also the life of a human being depends upon the continuous response of his spirit, his real self, to the spiritual environment in which he lives. He is only alive in so far as he nourishes his soul in Goodness, Truth and Beauty. These are just as much essential qualities of the universe, the environment in which he lives, as are the air and the other elements upon which his physical life depends. " Nature ", in any real sense, is no less spiritual than it is physical. It is because a living being, a man, feels his kinship with Nature, that he is impelled by an irrepressible urge to express his experience of what he feels. What makes a man a poet, an artist, a musician, a preacher, a writer? He has experienced some touch with the Nature of things, and he must needs interpret it to himself and others ; and some form of art is the only way in which he can do so. Why is a man a patriot, a lover of his native land ? Because he cannot but respond to the call of Nature in his own particular environment, spiritual and physical. To do so is the natural expression of his being. In response to the call, he cannot but give. What he gives is himself. The

practical question which confronts him is—how? It is at this point that argumentation begins, and reason joins hand with feeling to direct and control the will.

If patriotism is a virtue, then it is to be measured like any other virtue. A virtue indeed it is, since a virtue, as its name (*virtus*) implies, is simply one of the qualities characterising a full man at his best, that is, when he responds, as has been said, to the true physical and spiritual nature of his environment. Or, as the Greeks used to say, virtue is the distinctive "goodness" (*arete*) of a man (or woman) fulfilling the functions of his natural being. And a virtue is to be measured thus: the ancient canon lays it down that a virtue is a mean lying between two extremes. Courage, for example, is the virtue which lies between the two extremes of cowardice on the one hand and rashness on the other. The "mean" is to be "defined by reason and as the man of practical wisdom would define it". What, then, are the two extremes between which the virtue of patriotism lies? They are, it would seem, indifferentism or insensibility on the one hand and blind nationalism on the other. The man who proposes to take the whole world as his country and therefore to disclaim and disregard the ties of his own particular country—its safety, its happiness, its specific opportunities of service to the world—is no patriot. Nor yet is he a patriot who considers only the interests of his own country, be they "right or wrong". The patriot is differentiated on the one hand from the cosmopolitan who thinks of every other country but is oblivious of his own, and on the other from the nationalist who thinks only of his own country and forgets the rest.

The former neither claims the name of patriot, nor is he one ; the latter thinks himself a patriot, when he is in fact a nationalist. Neither of the two does justice to the country of his birth. Each of them misses the true quality of patriotism, the one on the side of defect, the other on the side of excess. The one prides himself on having superseded patriotism by something which, he imagines, is a better thing ; the other would indignantly resent the suggestion that his idea of patriotism is a mistaken one. The fact seems to be that the cosmopolitan forgets that loyalty works outwards from a centre but must have a centre from which to work. The nationalist with his eye fixed on the centre forgets that there are radii and a circumference too. The former forgets that of the families of the earth his own family is one ; the latter, that of all the families of the earth his own is only one.

The analogy of the family is a true one and significant. Mazzini expressed the right relations of the patriot to the other nations of the world when, using the terminology of his time, he said, " I am an ardent nationalist in order that I may become a better internationalist ". Nurse Cavell's immortal words uttered, after ten weeks of imprisonment, shortly before she died, have the same import : "I know now that patriotism is not enough ; one must love all men and hate none ". The strong love of one's own people, she means, extends outwards ; it breaks down disregard, contempt, or hate of others, even of our enemies in the field. But such love begins with love of home and spreads abroad. This is the true patriotism.

Conceivably the time may come when all the nation-states will be politically merged in one world-state. This cannot be for many generations yet. But, if it ever should come about, even then the natural spirit of local patriotism will survive. It will not issue in the strife with which the world has been familiar in its history hitherto. But it will breed in the blood of men all the world over. England will be as dear to the Englishman, Italy to the Italians, then as now, just as the Yorkshireman or the Cornishman is conscious to this day of the love of his home county, differentiating him from all other men within his state. For us, in our time, the object of our patriotism is the nation-state.

For his country the patriot—the lover of his country—is ready to die. But is he also ready to fight for it? The two things are generally considered to be inseparable. But there are other views. In our own country some two years ago many people were startled, some were outraged, when a motion was carried by a majority at one of the Universities, and subsequently at others, to the effect that "this House will in no circumstances fight for King and Country". The motion was unfortunately worded, and inevitably misunderstood. What, presumably, it meant was that "this House, while protesting its loyalty to King and Country, will yet in no circumstances fight for them". It is possible to understand this attitude without approving of or sharing in it. There is no reason to think that those who supported it by voice or vote are unpatriotic or disloyal. There are other ways of sacrifice on behalf of that which one loves than fighting, and other ways of death, if

need be, than death in battle. Service to one's country might be more effectively rendered in other ways. This, I take it, was the thought and the intention in the minds of the framers of such a motion. It is possible to perceive the honourableness of their motive while at the same time condemning their action as an error of judgment. They acted as if the ideal conditions—when aggressive war was no longer possible or thinkable, because all nations had reduced their armaments to mere contributions to an international police force—were already an accomplished fact. When these blessed conditions were realised, fighting would be unnecessary, because there would be no one to fight against ; and to take up arms would be impossible, since there would be no arms to take. This is an end for which all good citizens in every country must work and hope. But noble aspirations should not blind us to the actualities. The patriotism of these young men is the patriotism of the future, not of to-day.

Armaments are a direct incentive to war, not a security against war. This is recognised now by all the world. Since disarmament, therefore, is essential for the security and peace of the nations, and yet collective disarmament is slow in coming, it is arguable that the ideal conditions of universal disarmament will only be brought about if one nation should take the heroic risk of setting an example to the world by a single and signal renunciation of its arms. But such a measure, if taken, could only be in response to the practically unanimous determination of the nation to take it. Without such assured support no Minister could dare to make the proposal, still

less to act. The error of the undergraduates' motion is that it is premature. It assumes the existence of conditions which are as yet an unrealised dream. The undergraduates may retort that such unilateral disarmament is precisely what they have in view ; that, if one country is to lead the way, no country is better qualified to do so than that which still exercises the widest influence in the world ; that their motion is in effect an indication to the Minister that the support is forthcoming which alone could justify him in taking the one magnificent step which may save civilisation by redeeming every nation from its worse self. If that was their intention, the answer is still that they ought explicitly to have said so. That is not what their motion says. To decline to fight while existing conditions remain is not the same thing as to call upon the nation for a serious consideration of unilateral disarmament. The latter may be the wildest folly, but at worst it is free from any taint of equivocation. It is at least patriotic, even if patriotism gone mad. It is a dream of salvation for this country, and for every other country, in a mad world. Some such ideas as these, I fancy, were in the undergraduates' minds. They may be chimerical ideas, but they are consistent with a sincere devotion to King and Country, in an age when traditional ideas seem tending to the peril of this and all countries in another world war.

The patriot desires to maintain the integrity of his own country—its distinctive character, its liberties, its individuality as a family among the families of the earth. It is, as has been already said, an instinct in him to do so. It is morally right also, not only

because it is an expression of his own nature, but also because by maintaining its own character and individuality each nation in the present stage of the history of mankind can contribute best to the development of all the rest. A moral right should be conceded by each nation to every other nation as of right. But in a world where, as yet, right does not universally rule, there is still the necessity of maintaining force in some kind, even though in the background, for the repression of the wrongdoer. Matthew Arnold made familiar to English readers the wise expression of the French philosopher Joubert, " Force till Right is ready ". When Right is ready, Force will become superfluous. That day is not yet come. But the day has come when patience and common sense may bring about the supersession of competition in national armaments by the establishment of an international police force. It would be the truest patriotism on the part of all nations to make this idea an actuality. The alleged difficulties in the establishment and subsequent administration of such a force appear to be illusory. The condition precedent—namely the disestablishment of national armaments—is the one difficulty. But this is another story. The one point relevant to a discussion of patriotism is that to work for the reduction of the world's armaments is one of the principal duties of the patriot in every country. What can be done in a small state may by no means so easily or so convincingly be done in a large one. Yet the precedent of a small state may be not without its influence. No one would accuse an Icelander of being unpatriotic. The Icelander is as devoted to his country as he is justly proud of its literature and

history and the unparalleled continuity of its Parliamentary system for over a thousand years. Iceland is a sovereign independent state. After being a dependency of Denmark for a considerable period it achieved its independence in 1918. The King of Iceland is also the King of Denmark. Between the two countries there is no other constitutional tie. Iceland, though nearly as large as England in area, has a population of only about 106,000. This state does not possess a single soldier, or a single airplane : it has two tiny gunboats for the police protection of its fishing fleets. The people live in security and in peace. They have no idea of encroachment upon others, and one never hears a whisper of any idea of aggression upon them. The good will of the world leaves an unprotected nation unassailed. Suppose, indeed, that they were attacked ; upon what defence would they rely ? Clearly upon the police protection of the other nations, which would not for a moment suffer the liberties of a peaceful and undefended country to be impugned. What could, and unquestionably would, be done in one part of the world on behalf of one state cannot be regarded as preposterously unthinkable and impracticable as a general practice in the future throughout the civilised world.

But the patriot's concern is not with the physical defence of territory or of independence alone. It is his intimate duty to conserve and to improve the material prosperity of his country in the field of commerce, in order that the individual lives of all may be the better. An adequate standard of food, housing, clothing, leisure and employment, for all

without exception, is the ideal to be secured. How pitiably, and at the same time how ludicrously, the whole world fails in this to-day, is a commonplace which needs no exposition here. Nature and Science have provided supplies of all the necessaries of life in such superabundance that thousands are lacking in what they need, everybody is in difficulties, and millions are unemployed ! This paradoxical impasse, with all the cruelty and misery which it entails, remains uncured, not because it is incurable or because statesmen and economists have not pointed out many of the means to cure it, but simply because the statesmen are confronted by an obstacle which paralyses their power to act. Every country is rendered impotent by the paralysing spirit of economic nationalism. Each country thinks that this is patriotism, whereas it is so extreme an exaggeration and corruption of the virtue of patriotism that it is in fact its negation. What economic nationalism means in effect is that each country is to be richer than every other country, which is arithmetically impossible, and that each country is to grow rich by keeping all other countries—its providers and its customers —poor, which is neither patriotism nor sense. The patriot realises that he can best, and can only, promote the welfare of his own country by a commercial and economic system which works, not at the expense of, nor to the detriment of, any other country, but in free co-operation with them all.

A citizen of a foreign country said the other day, " You English are the only idealists ". If that be true, we need not fear that the genuine blossom of practical patriotism will cease to flourish on English soil.

HISTORIAN

SIR CHARLES PETRIE, BT., M.A., F.R.HIST.S.
Foreign Editor of the English Review

SIR CHARLES PETRIE, BT., M.A., F.R.HIST.S.
Foreign Editor of the English Review

EVER since Dr. Johnson horrified the faithful Boswell by declaring that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel, controversy has made the word its own. To some it has connoted the most aggressive nationalism, and to others a willingness to give all in one's country's service in a manner closely approximating to the Christian doctrine of sacrifice. *Corruptio optimi pessima*, and no one can deny that patriotism has only too often been used as a cloak to conceal base ends, but it does not stand condemned on that account. Innumerable crimes have been committed in the name of religion, but the deduction is not that religion is therefore undesirable. So it is with patriotism, and all Johnson meant was that it is frequently abused, which has also been the fate of his observation. On the other hand there are definitions of patriotism which rank it among the most sublime virtues. The Funeral Speech of Pericles, for example, owes its inspiration to patriotic feeling, and the world would be a poorer place had it never been delivered. The same applies to more than one poem, while it is undeniable that love of country has urged men and women to acts of heroism which they would never otherwise have performed. So much is generally taken for granted, but when we come to inquire

what patriotism is, and what place there is for it in the twentieth century, we must clearly look a little deeper.

First of all, it is not, as some would have us believe, jingoism and flag-wagging. " My country right or wrong " sounds very fine, but if it means support of any *régime* that may, to save its existence, have precipitated a war with its neighbours, it is not patriotism. In such circumstances the patriotic citizen may feel that decency imposes silence upon him, but he will assuredly not take the lead in what he feels to be wrong. There have been many instances in history where a man has found himself unable to support, even in time of war, the policy of his country's rulers, but he has been none the less a good patriot. Similarly, those who sully the national reputation by their violence against an enemy are far from being patriotic. In these latter days there is far too much talk about war, which, with sex, has become the obsession of the present age. War and patriotism have not necessarily anything in common. A man may even, in the last resort, justifiably fight against his country to free her from some form of government which he considers inimical to her interests. It is not what he does, but the way he does it, and the reason why he does it, that will lay him open to the charge of being unpatriotic. An exiled dynasty may not be lacking in patriotism because it accepts foreign aid to restore it to the throne. Do not let us confuse patriotism and nationalism.

Much of the muddled thinking that is at the root of the anti-patriotism of to-day is due to a lack of perspective. The War and its consequences, not

least of these the Peace Treaties, seem for many people to have put their mental vision out of focus. Because from 1914 to 1918 the spirits of the citizens of the belligerent Powers were roused by carefully calculated appeals to their patriotism, and because during the same period millions of men were killed in action, therefore patriotism and war are interchangeable terms. Those who adopt this standpoint forget, of course, that the object of war is not primarily to kill people, but to achieve a result ; indeed, this latter has often been attained in battles, like that of Corinth, where the victors lost but a handful of men, while a butchery, such as Cannae, settled nothing. To think of war always in terms of the last one is to betray an unbalanced judgment. It may be proof of patriotism to fight, or to abstain from fighting ; there may even be a conflict of loyalties. It is all a question of circumstances.

Similarly, nationalism and patriotism are by no means necessarily the same. The British Empire, for example, is composed of many nations, but it is possible to be a patriotic subject of His Majesty the King without being a fervent nationalist ; it may even be unpatriotic for a Briton to believe in nationalism, if that nationalism is in any way a menace to the unity of the Empire. In Ireland every supporter of Home Rule from Grattan to Redmond called himself a patriot, but few people outside that island were prepared to accept the definition at the time, or will admit it in retrospect. In this post-War world such an attitude is all too common, and one small state after another prides itself on the patriotism of its inhabitants because it possesses a large army and

a prohibitive tariff. If these luxuries are detrimental to its best interests, as they very often are, their existence is not proof of the patriotism of the citizens, but of their folly.

Nor is patriotism based upon a hatred of others, either at home or abroad. At times hate may be justified, but it should be used sparingly. There are numerous people who appear to consider themselves assured of salvation, not on account of any merit of their own, but simply because of their fanatical hatred of the beliefs of others. Similarly there is a type of so-called patriot, who does nothing to improve his own country, but who is vehement in his denunciation of other nations. Such individuals also never tire of hurling opprobrious epithets at those of their fellow-countrymen who do not agree with them, and it is a significant commentary upon their state of mind that this behaviour has never characterised those whom history acclaims as the greatest patriots. Pitt, for example, was opposed to Fox during the whole of his public life, but he never charged the latter with being unpatriotic. He considered his rival to be misguided to the last degree, but he was ready to concede that Fox thought the policy he adopted was the best for the country. Yet no one will question Pitt's claim to be a patriot.

Leaders of public opinion are never tired of telling us that the progress of science is every day making the world a smaller place. Unfortunately there are other tendencies at work which are rendering its inhabitants progressively less cosmopolitan than of yore. The cessation of the steady flow of emigration, for instance, means that the present generation in Western or

Central Europe has a far more limited horizon than its predecessor. Thirty years ago it would have been no exaggeration to say that the great majority of families in all walks of life had some close relative who had gone to seek his or her fortune beyond the seas, and the letters that passed in consequence provided a connecting link. All that is gone, and with it the personal contact that had a greater effect in bringing the nations together than the fastest aeroplanes or the latest invention of the Marchese Marconi. To-day there is little interest taken by the ordinary Englishman or Frenchman in their respective country's overseas possessions. The Indian controversy in Great Britain is, for the most part, being carried on by those over fifty. Lip-service is paid to internationalism, but it is a poor substitute for the cosmopolitanism that was so prominent a feature of earlier centuries. The result has been the growth of a bastard patriotism which is resentful of the prosperity and prestige of others, and is gloomily introspective, instead of regarding them with sympathy and self-assurance. A narrow nationalism that is rooted in an inferiority complex is the antithesis of patriotism.

It is sometimes said that there is no place in the world to-day for that patriotism which arises from love of one's country. We must all be citizens of the universe, and think in terms of the globe. A moment's reflection should convince the most superficial that such a state of affairs is neither possible nor desirable. Not the least unsatisfactory feature of modern civilisation is its uniformity, and if it were practicable, which is fortunately not the case, for us to forget our own countries the world would become still more

drab. A great civilisation must be synthetic ; that is to say it must be a blend of the national traditions of the peoples which compose it. The teaching of history all goes to show that excessive regimentation and centralisation are the beginning of the end, while unity in variety spells progress. What is required is the happy mean. Never was there such uniformity over so wide an area as in the days of the Roman Empire, but its constituent parts lost their initiative to such an extent that they became an easy prey to the barbarian invaders. Spain lost the Americas when the efficient and centralising Bourbons replaced the more easy-going Hapsburgs. It may be conceded that in a civilisation mechanised and standardised from China to Peru there would be no place for local patriotism, but it would be a civilisation that had lost its soul, and was on the verge of collapse.

Local patriotism is essential to civilisation, and it is in no way inimical to a wide outlook on world affairs ; indeed, it is an integral part of the latter. As Kipling so well put it :

> God gives all men all earth to love,
> But since man's heart is small,
> Ordains for each one spot shall prove
> Beloved over all.

A man is no less a patriotic Englishman because he loves his native Lancashire or Dorset—he is all the better for it. Every Italian worth his salt is proud of his *paése*, but because he is a good Tuscan or a good Neapolitan that does not mean he is not also a good Italian. Signor Mussolini has realised this from the beginning, and is always ready to encourage provincial traditions of the right type. All progress must be

from the bottom up, and from the smaller to the greater. The family was the original unit of civilisation, and it must still be the latter's base. Yet it is never seriously contended that because a man is a faithful husband or a devoted father he is on that account a less worthy citizen than if he were a debauchee. Far from local patriotism being inimical to true internationalism, it is an essential complement.

Our Western civilisation is the amalgam of the contributions made to it over a long period by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany, together with the legacy of Palestine and Hellas. Whenever the national genius of one of those countries is under a cloud we all suffer with it, for the frontier between civilisation and barbarism is a weak one, and if any part of its garrison is even temporarily withdrawn, the whole is imperilled. If proof of this were necessary, the results of the last twenty years have supplied it. The true patriot is the man or woman who seeks to develop the national genius of his or her country in accordance with the spirit of the age. Those who wish to go too fast are as little deserving of that proud appellation as those who would go too slow, or who are unwilling to move at all. It is not patriotism, but obscurantism, to oppose all change, and to advocate return to a Golden Age which in reality never existed. The *laudator temporis acti* is always a bore, and may easily become a menace. The revolutionary is equally undesirable, for his outlook is wholly destructive, and it is but rarely that he has any clear idea of what he wants to put in the place of that which he has destroyed. All he effects is to

weaken his own country, and with it the whole fabric of civilisation.

History did not begin with the Armistice, or with the slump. Every nation has traditions reaching back into a far-distant past, and those traditions must be guarded jealously, for once they are broken they can never be repaired. It is the duty of the patriot to tend them carefully, at the same time eradicating any evil tendencies that may have developed with the passing of the centuries. The common sense of the Briton, the logic of the Frenchman, the individualism of the Spaniard, the enthusiasm of the Italian, and the sobriety of the German ; these virtues are the respective national traditions of the countries concerned, and any efforts to change them are a crime against our common civilisation, however loudly they may be advertised as the highest form of patriotism. To attempt to turn the Italian into a Frenchman, or to make an Englishman of the Spaniard, is to perform a disservice to humanity. When the nations come together their individual characteristics guarantee the balance of the whole, and so keep civilisation on an even keel.

The duty, then, of a patriot in this twentieth century is not to endeavour to impose his own national traditions or culture upon others by the sword or by propaganda, but rather to make his country such a model state that others will wish to imitate it. He should set before himself as a goal what Pericles claimed for Athens : " Our Constitution does not copy the laws of neighbouring states ; we are rather a pattern to others than imitators ourselves ". How, it will be asked, is this happy state of affairs to be

reached? Once again, the answer may be found in the words of Pericles: "We cultivate refinement without extravagance, and knowledge without effeminacy; wealth we employ more for use than for show, and place the real disgrace of poverty, not in owning to the fact, but in declining the struggle against it". To attain such a standard will put the patriot to a severe test. It would be so much easier to wave a flag, decry one's neighbours, and maintain that everything in one's own land is perfect.

The way of the patriot is hard, since he must often find himself in opposition to the mass of his fellow-countrymen: not for him is the comfortable doctrine that the pace of the convoy must be that of the slowest ship. It is his task to insist, to-day more than ever, upon discipline and self-denial, and upon the predominance of the interest of the nation as a whole over that of any section or part of it. For many years all idea of discipline has been lost, and in continually claiming new rights, the citizen has tended to forget his old duties. The State has too often become synonymous in the public mind with a sort of super-cow, whose supply of milk is inexhaustible, and which must of necessity be at the service of every citizen, however insatiable his greed. The patriot must work for a restoration of the sterner virtues, and his creed can be summed up in the phrase: "Not every man for himself, but each for all." In this way alone will he reach the goal of patriotism, to render his country a model for the rest of the world.

JOURNALIST

R. D. BLUMENFELD
Sometime Editor of the Daily Express

R. D. Blumenfeld

Sometime Editor of the Daily Express

THE aspects of patriotism are so diversified that it is almost impossible to give an all-comprising definition. My particular aspect, that of Patriotism in Journalism, is even more puzzling. If you ask me " What is Patriotism ? " I shall have to say that it is so many things that the real thing is almost obscured by the thousand and one motivating clouds that surround it.

Old Dr. Samuel Johnson lived in and by Fleet Street, which even in his time, the late eighteenth century, gave the note to journalism. His definition, as is so well known, was " Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

I do not think I have ever encountered a phrase more heavily laden with cynicism—or with truth. You must have been an editor of a newspaper for a generation or two, as I have been, to find yourself more or less in agreement, in principle at any rate, with Dr. Johnson. Thousands upon thousands of people, who yearn to tell the world something, approach Fleet Street in the mood of patriotism, real or simulated. A good many, of course, do so *pro bono publico* and look upon publicity for their particular plea merely as a means to an end.

Over and over again I have encountered people who have been actuated solely by a sense of the purest

public duty, seeking nothing in return for their contribution, either in invention, research or writing. It is never difficult in these matters for the Editor of a newspaper to discover the genuine patriot.

The man, or woman, who has something to give for the public good without thinking much about reward seldom beats about the bush or prates about the high sense of public duty which impels him or her to approach you with a view to obtaining publicity. Nor is it difficult, on the other hand, to pierce through the thin layer of hypocrisy with which so many self-styled patriots make their approach in the hope of securing self-aggrandisement or self-gain.

I think old Samuel Johnson must have had experience of such as these during his Fleet Street days, otherwise I doubt if he could have hit the nail on the head so accurately.

Blind people will tell you that they develop a sense of touch so acutely that the enhanced sense gives them certain compensations for which they are grateful. It is a fact that if you lose one or more of your senses you gradually develop mental and physical attributes which were formerly latent. So in journalism, experience in human intercourse, the constant close touch with the variously expressed aspirations, hopes, fears, ambitions, hatreds and affections, publicly and privately poured into the Editor's ears or written to him in every language known and unknown, soon give the editorial recipient of these confidences a crystal clear idea of what the motives are which really impel at least two-thirds of the people with whom he has come in contact.

I think I may say without exaggeration that when it comes to a test as to patriotic motives on the part of contributors to newspapers in general, I am able without much delay to separate the genuine and the non-genuine. The fact is that types of people are as distinct and exact in following rules as birds in their annual flights, as animals whose habits are fixed or as ants which build and work and strive by rule. So, too, does the genuine patriot work by open, direct effort, whereas the other uses all the arts, well-defined, with which we are familiar.

How many times have I seen honour conferred on someone whose "patriotic efforts have been rewarded"! I have, perhaps often, written the phrase in connection with some public testimonial given to some man who did something that cost him a good deal of money, and who did it so that the public, either locally or at large, should benefit. We, who knew the underlying motive, namely that of self-aggrandisement, nevertheless paid public tribute on the occasion. It is far better to make believe in such cases even as the recipient of the honours has simulated.

But enough of cynicism. I am supposed to give my idea of the nature of patriotism in journalism, and perhaps not that of the public which makes use of journalism in this connection. Here I am on the safest possible ground. I shall confine myself to the free Press of the world. For many years the only free Press that I have known, with the exception of the War years, when there was none, has been that of Great Britain and the United States. Free in the sense that there is no governmental interference or

censorship and free, therefore, for the proprietors and editors to indulge themselves as they choose.

I do not think it possible to dogmatise on the degree of patriotism that is exercised in my calling. There are patriots and patriots. Horatio Bottomley was one. He first beat the patriotic drum as a means of getting popular support for his financial ventures, and then as a cover for his exit when they failed. He was able to float and maintain a number of weird companies on the fiction of himself as a great-hearted patriot and " missionary of the Empire " that he created in *John Bull* and other journals which he conducted from time to time. In Johnson's own day, the notorious John Wilkes, editor of the *North Briton*, fitted the case.

A patriot is one who loves his country and serves it loyally and well, and who is ready if the need arises to sacrifice himself and his own personal interests for its greater honour and glory. Now an editor holds a position of public responsibility, and has a wider and more splendid scope for the exercise of the patriotic virtues than falls to the ordinary citizen who pursues a private avocation. His duty is to tell the public the truth about the affairs of the day, and to try to mould public opinion in the way he *thinks* it ought to go. He must advocate what he conceives to be the right policies for the country and oppose what he conceives to be the wrong policies. His function is not to pander to popular opinion, but to lead it and guide it ; and he must be prepared to oppose it, no matter at what risk to his circulation and personal position, rather than sacrifice his convictions of what is right and for the public good.

In a word he must conduct the newspaper not as a mere means of self-advertisement or financial gain, but as a public or national trust.

Clearly, such an office provides plenty of scope for patriotic self-sacrifice, and on the whole the race of editors has shown no lack of the martyr spirit. The history of journalism presents numerous instances of editors who have risked their editorial heads in the public interest, or who have gone into the wilderness, rather than betray their trust by sacrificing their convictions.

There are many different ways in which an editor can show his patriotism, and these vary from age to age. They are different to-day, when the newspaper is a powerful national institution, from what they were a century and a half ago, when it was a small, hazardous and individual enterprise. In the days before the freedom of the Press, any editor who spoke the truth or said what he thought about public affairs, denounced corruption in high places, attacked vested interests that enjoyed powerful patronage, or offended the government of the day, was liable to be fined or imprisoned or to have his paper confiscated. It required a brave man to edit a paper in those days, and practically every self-respecting editor saw the inside of a prison at least once in the course of his adventurous career.

The modern editor's task is certainly less perilous, but it offers even wider scope for patriotism, owing to the enormous increase in the power of the Press—patriotism of a kind, too, which is perhaps more difficult to practise, as it is apt to come into sharper conflict with the editor's personal interests. The

editor of the eighteenth century was a soldier of fortune who carried on a sort of guerrilla warfare against his enemies public and private (including of course his fellow editors). He might or might not have been a patriot ; in any case his sense of responsibility was slight ; he did not much care whom he shot at or how often he was shot at himself ; it was all in the game. But with the journalistic developments of the nineteenth century, the editor became the brain of a large and powerful organisation ; and his more responsible position together with the more complex character of his duties called for the exercise of greater tact and determination, and also imposed on him the necessity of compromising at every turn with his own feelings and opinion. With the result that the straight path of patriotic duty became increasingly difficult to follow, even perhaps to discern.

To-day for many reasons connected with the growth in circulation, it is not always an easy matter for an editor to reconcile the claims of self-interest (i.e. his own tenure of an important and well-paid post) and patriotic duty—especially if he does not see eye to eye with the proprietor on questions of policy and of the conduct of the newspaper. I must here define questions of policy and conscience as having the wider meaning conceived in the title of " Patriotism and the Press ". I will give you an instance or two.

On the eve of the outbreak of the Crimean War, Delane, the Editor of *The Times*, published the ultimatum of the French and English Governments to the Tsar, so that the Tsar read it in *The Times* before he received it officially. It was a Cabinet secret but Delane felt that to know it would be

" useful to the public and to Europe ", and so he revealed it. It required great moral courage on his part to do this, owing to the enormous political power exercised by *The Times* at that date and throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century, a power that has never been equalled by any newspaper before or since. Now that power largely depended on the close and intimate contact which had developed between Printing House Square and Downing Street, and in acting as he did, Delane risked the smooth continuance of that contact, besides having to face fierce denunciations of his conduct in the Lords and Commons.

After the war started, Delane again incurred the fury of the administration by publishing the despatches of *The Times* war correspondent, William Howard Russell, exposing the grave faults in the preparation and conduct of the campaign, and the terrible sufferings endured by our soldiers owing to official incompetence. A storm of public anger was aroused against him, and he was accused of revealing information valuable to the enemy. Delane, however, faced the music and persisted in his exposures, and in the end the Government had to act. That was patriotism in journalism. It was thus that Florence Nightingale discovered her vocation.

It must be said that though on these occasions Delane risked his position and reputation as an editor, he did not risk the circulation of his newspaper. *The Times* at that time was the recognised organ of public opinion among the upper and governing classes. As such it had no rivals. It was read as a matter of course by everyone who counted in the

country, and people did not cease to take it, however violently they disagreed with its policy.

This fact makes impossible the drawing of any parallel between Delane's conduct during the Crimean War and that of newspaper editors or proprietors who incurred public anger by their attacks on the administration during the Great War. When, for example, Lord Northcliffe launched his "Shell Shortage" campaign against Kitchener, the circulation of his paper at once began to fall. Kitchener was the popular idol, and when his worshippers saw him repeatedly decried in the *Daily Mail* they stopped taking such an impertinent paper. Northcliffe went on just the same ; I call that patriotism in journalism, for he felt and knew that he was right. He paid for his patriotism in figures of circulation. Northcliffe's financial position was so strong that he could afford to pay the price, but only for a time. That, however, is not the case with every newspaper owner, and here we touch on one of the great difficulties that beset a modern editor who strives to steer a patriotic course in the face of popular prejudice. It is not every modern newspaper that can afford to advocate an unpopular policy to the point of incurring a serious loss of revenue, without which no modern newspaper can remain in being, such are the enormous expenses involved in its conduct ; it means, in other words, bankruptcy.

There have been many cases of editors who have sacrificed their posts to their political convictions or who have resigned rather than carry on under a change of proprietorship which threatened to fetter their freedom of action in the public service.

The late Sir E. T. Cook sacrificed his post to his convictions during the Boer War, when he was editor of the *Daily News;* though strongly opposed to our forward policy in South Africa and utterly out of sympathy with Cecil Rhodes' Imperialism, Cook was not a pro-Boer. Moreover he was a Liberal Imperialist rather than a Little Englander. Thus his views were not extreme enough for that section of Liberal opinion which the *Daily News* was supposed to represent. The circulation of the paper had been going down for a number of years, and Sir John Robinson, then its manager, who was dissatisfied with the position, managed to effect a sale to Cadbury and others, Mr. Lloyd George acting for the new pro-Boer syndicate. Rather than turn pro-Boer at the bidding of his new masters, Cook resigned, and though he remained an active journalist for the rest of his life, he never again sat in an editor's chair.

At about the same time H. W. Massingham resigned the Editorship of the *Daily Chronicle* for precisely the opposite reason. Whereas the proprietors of that paper supported the Liberal Imperialism of Lord Rosebery, Massingham was a Little Englander and pro-Boer, and accordingly he walked out. It may be said that siding with the enemies of one's country is hardly a mark of patriotism, and that the motive which inspired Massingham's self-sacrifice does not justify his inclusion in our list. With this view I entirely disagree. Patriotism is not the monoply of the jingoist. Massingham belonged to that considerable minority of Englishmen, who, rightly or wrongly, regarded the Boer War as an unjust and dishonourable war, " unrighteously begun

and waged for unrighteous ends", and calculated to lower national ideals and to injure the country's good name in the eyes of the world. I think he was hopelessly wrong, but feeling as he did, it was his duty as a good patriot to oppose it.

Two other famous editors must be mentioned. C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*, and W. T. Stead. Scott, being chief proprietor as well as editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, was never called upon to sacrifice his post to his convictions, but he always put what he conceived to be his duty to the country before his own self-interest. He always stood fearlessly by his own principles. Time and again in the course of his editorial career he faced public obloquy and risked the circulation of his paper for the sake of an unpopular cause he believed in; believed in because he was actuated by pure patriotism. During the Boer War, for example, the *Manchester Guardian* lost heavily in circulation owing to Scott's pro-Boer sympathies. Such however was the prestige the paper enjoyed under his editorship that it was able to weather any temporary storm of unpopularity.

Stead was a man of wholly different type. He was a superlative journalist, half-charlatan and half-quixotic idealist, and it is never easy to disentangle motives in men of his psychological make-up. Once, at all events, he certainly risked his editorial career in a good public cause, though he may have employed a rather too sensational method in doing so.

In 1885, when he was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he printed a series of articles called the "Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon". These were sensational "revelations" of the vast white

slave traffic, especially in young girls, that went on behind the scenes in London. In order to bring his point home to the public Stead himself engineered the " fake " abduction of a girl called Eliza Armstrong. For this he was sent to prison for three months. Stead achieved his object, since, as the result of his exposure, the government passed the Criminal Law Amendment Act ; but he incurred a great deal of public censure by his action, and seriously damaged his reputation as an editor. It was an unheard of thing to discuss such matters in a reputable newspaper in those days. Stead did not lose his post as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* but he was never comfortable on the paper afterwards, and three years later he left it. Incidentally, Stead's " revelations " did not damage the sales of the *Gazette*. On the contrary, they went up to eighty thousand daily, a huge figure in those days.

Newspapers often perform an important public service by attacking abuses and exposing cases of fraud and corruption. The public regard this as part of their job, without realising all the labour, worry and risk it involves. Apart from all this there is usually a libel action to be faced at the end of the business, although any editor who challenges an action for libel in the public interest is certainly " doing his bit " as a patriot. He may get a certain amount of extra publicity for his paper, but that rarely balances the trouble and expenditure he is put to, even if he wins the case. And if he loses he has the devil to pay, in cash, loss of prestige, and proprietary wrath.

During the Home Rule struggle in 1888, *The Times*, in the belief that the Parnellite Party was connected

with political crime in Ireland, published a double series of articles entitled " Parnellism and Crime ". These included the publication in facsimile of a letter bearing Parnell's signature, in which he was made to express partial approval of the Phœnix Park murders. A Royal Commission was appointed to examine into the truth of the charge, and it was found that this letter, and several of the documents on which the articles were based, had been forged by an Irish journalist named Pigott. As a result, *The Times* lost enormously in prestige. The editor had, of course, acted in perfect good faith, and in what he considered to be the national interest ; but instead of killing the Home Rule movement in England his " revelations ", having been proved to be forgeries, only served to give it new life.

NOVELIST

Storm Jameson

Storm Jameson

IF preferring England over other countries as a place to live in, and if an irrational pride in my English nurture, mark the patriot, then I am one. But I find myself unwelcome in a company which includes a number of persons of whom I disapprove as thoroughly as they of me. I am an unashamed Little Englander. I wish that our Empire were no larger than Norway's, and our population of the same proportion. Then London would still be a habitable city, and the loveliest country in the world would not have been fouled with slums.

I was born fortunate—that is, in Whitby ; and intolerant, that is, a Yorkshireman. The education I got settled me in my belief that to have character and to be English mean the same—which is precisely what Fichte had thought some years earlier about the Germans—and I do not expect to die less convinced than I was then that the world would go on very badly without the English. My feeling for England is coloured by my fortunate birth. Had I been born, say, in a colliery town, in one of those streets of small featureless houses, divided from the neighbouring street by a row of closets, I should have felt less respect for my country. It is perhaps because I know what England can mean to a child that I find completely intolerable the thought of what

it means to too many children, whose later memories, unlike mine, cannot rest secure between sea and meadow, the blue and the green. Whatever happens, I have known the very best England can give a thankful child.

A convention is growing up to pretend that the War did not affect one generation more than others. It is one of the ways, familiar and not unforgivable, in which we try to evade an unpleasant thought. Perhaps it is not of any moment that my generation was buried before it had time to speak, but why pretend that the survivors are not affected by their isolation and (more) by their learning at a green age what certain phrases—such phrases, let us say, as " national honour ", " sacrifice ", and the like—are worth in common reality. It was perhaps necessary for one of my nature and bringing-up to live through a Great War to learn that no country, not even England, can conduct a modern war without dishonouring herself. It is not merely that such a war, with its unparalleled opportunities for making a money profit, brings out all the lice, small and large. And not the repulsive anatomy of fear and cruelty exposed by the popular Press. These could be written off against the patience, courage, and decency of the soldiers and others. War profiteers dishonour themselves, not their country. A country is dishonoured by the deliberate acts of its effective rulers. We learned soon that the wilful propaganda of lies is a necessary part of modern warfare—that is, the wilful poisoning of the minds of a whole people. No doubt it is also part of the normal process of government, whether in a dictatorship or in the

conditions of an uneducated democracy. The habit formed by modern statesmen of writing their memoirs is useful in so far as it provides neat marginal illustrations of Cavour's words : " What scoundrels we should be if we did for ourselves the things we are prepared to do for Italy ".

I have more than once had to realise—always with astonishment—that to become known as a pacifist is to incur the suspicion of being unpatriotic or un-English. It never fails to astonish me, only because I should have thought that less than a minute's reflection on the matter and effects of modern warfare would be long enough to fill every lover of England with the sharpest and most overwhelming anxiety to avert war. But belief still lingers that war is a right and proper expression of the fighting instincts of men. These romantic Old Believers have not grasped the fact that the machine has revolutionised the nature of war as completely as of other human activities. War has become slaughter by numbers. Against machines which deliver poison gas or a rain of white-hot steel human courage is as unavailing as human flesh. On the active side, it should be added that there is nothing heroic in dropping gas bombs on a city, and if it should be called a patriotic duty that will be a good reason for holding the word " patriotism " to have become obscene in course of time. Lest it should be supposed that I am moved by nothing more serious than the natural distaste of a mother at the thought of her son being clumsily butchered, let me quote a soldier, Major-General Fuller : " There is no chivalry in modern war, there is little heroism, there is no pity. . . . This is not war,

this is massacre, the ritual of the slaughter-house . . . this foul contest of machines ".

If there were no other argument why an Englishman should hate war for his country, England in 1935 should provide it. The dead are dead, but that incalculable loss—who can tell what we lost ?—is not the end of it. The nations are still paying for their reversion to cannibalism, and not least in the persistence of the fears and passions which swayed us in 1914 and the portent of an arrogant and repressive nationalism.

With my mind on this, I doubt whether I am eager to call myself patriotic when I read that the word has been called out by an armaments manufacturer to describe the success of his earnest efforts to sell his wares abroad. Now I have no objection, on the score of honesty, to a man who says : " My trade is making shells and guns for killing men and I intend to sell these at a profit to any nation which is prepared to pay for them ; I am not responsible if my guns are at some time turned against my own people, even it may be against my own son ; this has happened in the recent past, it may happen again, it is unfortunate, but I am not responsible ". I may be unwilling to share in the profits of his trade, from my squeamish dislike of the human butcher's business. But that he should look to be praised as a patriot for his profitable neutrality is too much for me. If this is patriotism, then I feel none. And yet I think I do. It is in my mind that no one truly loves England without he also hates war and distrusts the men who make a profit from it. I cannot respect the writer of a letter refusing to read a book I edited lately because

(said he) he " understood it was anti-war and all this anti-war talk is anti-English "—it seems to me an awkward sort of love, nearer vanity, which this man and others who are of his opinion bear their country.

So, I am a Little Englander on one side (the left—the side of the heart), and on the other I try to be a good European. Much good it will do us now to talk of Isolation, standing on the edge of a continent which can be overrun in a few hours by air. Nor can I find anything comfortable in the equally irrational fantasy of building (only for our defence) more aeroplanes than every other country is building (for its defence) more aeroplanes than every other country which is building (for its defence). . . . I am astounded when I read such words as these, which appeared in an Isolationist newspaper lately: " Britain should resolutely refuse to enter any international conference the majority of which were foreigners ". For ill or good England is a close part of Europe and will remain so until aeroplanes are forbidden to be built. In Europe the majority of the nations have the misfortune to be foreigners, and close enough to us to make living with them uncomfortable and dangerous, if it is not regulated. In such circumstances we ought to sit in conference with them the whole time, for our safety's sake. The apostles of Isolation, as resolute to avoid knowing the truth as the village that voted the earth was flat, quaver ; " Don't interfere, keep out, avoid trouble " —as if troubles which live in the same room with us can be avoided by the gesture of turning our backs. It does not matter what political colours the different

countries choose to wear, and even if they should all be Soviet Republics, consultations and the constraint of offences will still be necessary in so crowded an area. My pride and belief in England are such that I would rather she took more, not less, part in the business of Europe, interfered more often, and spoke—with the certainty of being listened to—in a less lawyer-like and equivocal voice.

I have another touchstone for patriots, but little pleasure in using it. When I meet a man (or woman), not blind or a cripple or in any other way cut off from the use of his senses, and find him less than passionately willing to change the social condition of this country I consider that he is only as good a patriot as my cat, who is satisfied so long as she has her own ration of cream and warmth. There are in this country too many unfortunate children—under-nourished, shoddily clothed, living in dirt. At an age when other children are playing games and passing to another stage in their education these have begun some employment which, if a gently-nourished boy or girl were set to it, you would think unchildlike. How is it possible to love one's country and not feel bitterly ashamed of the familiar cruelty which gives to one child the most exquisite care and to another, no less sensitive or intelligent, squalor, poor, insufficient food, and early toil? All the reasons by which we account for this piece of savagery do not excuse it. There is no excuse—if the best milk, clean air, daily baths, warmth, are thought necessary for any child they are necessities for all, and to rob even one child of what is necessary to his growth is considered detestable, except if the child should be

too poor to be worth much trouble. There may be, there are, reasons why many children's lives are poisoned at their birth, by their crime of being born to women who are without money, but there is no excuse. It seems sometimes that complacence is the only sin. Certainly it is the meanest.

Suppose a visitor from another country, eager to know England by sight, and you his guide. It is not only to save him the trouble of holding his nose that you will avoid taking him into the poorer quarters of the town. Most of us, though not all—a shipowner in my own town commented on the Welfare Centre that poor women were all sluts and ought to be left to their diseases—are ashamed of our slums. For example, the district of Westminster contains some buildings which will charm the visitor, as well as houses with " husband, wife and five young children living in two rooms. Two children have died there. The rooms are infested with rats. A dog is kept in the room while the children sleep to protect them ". Again, Kensington is considered a very healthy quarter, but not by the basement dwellers of the Portobello Road : " there were five families in this house—approximately thirty people—with one working water closet. Sewage water comes into some of these cellars, forced back from the sewers, and . . . for every three cases of infantile rheumatism in the southern half of the borough there are forty-three cases in the north ". Here is an East End priest speaking : " Why is it that the whole horrible thing—these vile, leaky, verminous houses, these insane conditions of unspeakable overcrowding, still goes on ? For it does go on ! " And if you pull

down all the "vile, leaky, verminous houses" you will still have left a monstrous sarcoma of nasty streets, not insanitary by the book, but congested, airless, and sordidly ugly. The England I could be content with will not be built until every unlovely street and quarter has been razed and in their place cities and towns planned by architects, engineers, artists, and doctors working together. There are not wanting heads and hands to make this dream real. Why should we be satisfied with less?

And how long will this country bear the burden of its ruined areas?—"towns such as Jarrow, where only one man in every four has a job. . . . Friends and relations cannot help one another, because all are straitened in the same way. Everything superfluous has been pawned or sold by the time unemployment has continued for many months, and the necessities of life are largely worn out or broken. In Jarrow, where many shops are shut, you may see the rare sight of even a pawnshop closed. These people are living on the very margin. Clothes come largely from charity. Underclothes are rare. The men are not starving, but they are permanently hungry". (*The Times*, March 21st, 1934). If Jarrow had been the only town in England where men and women do not know what it is to have enough to eat we should be shocked into sending them in food, as we are shocked by a mine disaster into opening relief funds. But since it is only one of many towns and villages without a future and since no town or city is without men who "are permanently hungry" and mothers who starve themselves to have a little more for their children, we have become used to the

thought that a great number of our fellow-countrymen are dying of the slow cancer of poverty. It is scarcely even a thought to us. We call it a problem, debate it and set up commissions to study the incidence of hunger, as if it were something less than a beastly cruelty for some to eat well while others are tormented by half-hunger. Jarrow and the rest are diseased cells in the body of England, and this disease is caused by stupidity and social senility ; it is a plain disgrace to us. We should be ashamed of it, and ought to go on being ashamed until England is clean of her leprosy.

In the end, and because I have imagined that there are fewer complacent people in England than anywhere, and because I believe that the English are the subtlest and most nearly civilised of peoples, I grudge the waste involved in our social disorder. Until all children, without respect of their birth, are brought up with the same care for their health and comfort, and given during their early years the same training in mental and bodily exercises, we cannot know what talent and what aptitudes we have at disposal in our nation. There is no sense or reason in a method of living which compels one boy to work like a galley slave to get himself an education and hands it to another whether he wants it or not and whether he can benefit himself or his country by it or not. Education ought certainly to be entirely class-less—that is, no child should be given a worse education than he is fitted for. But Heaven forbid that our present methods of education should be taken as a model. Half the disorders we suffer from, individual and social, begin in the divorce of work from pleasure and dignity—so I would have every child taught a

craft and the proper use of his body, before I troubled overmuch his mind.

Not long since I spent a short time at Wincham Hall, near Northwich, a place where a fine effort is being made for workless men. Among these men, of whom some have been out of work already five or six years, are several of the same age as my son. What conceivable wisdom or justice is there in a society which leaves these boys to rot when they cannot find work, while my son continues a prolonged education at Cambridge ? Some among them showed an intelligence which could have been used ; all could have given England something. It would be comfortable to think that every child sent out to work at fifteen deserved no kinder fate. Comfortable and a lie. A few weeks ago a working girl who had been backward from childhood and " appeared to be of extremely low intelligence " was discovered by the Institute of Medical Psychology in London to possess " exceptional mental gifts ".

England will never again be a happy and secure nation until every child is born fortunate because born in England. The misery and hopelessness of one section of our people, the dissatisfaction of others, are a proof not that we are a poor nation but that we do not know how to use our riches. Our biological and technical inventiveness have increased to such a degree that the next generation might be the first not to know the smell of poverty. There need not be one other young man cheated, as those young men at Wincham have been cheated, of their proper life ; not one other child to die from trying to live in leaky, verminous houses or to be reared in vile surroundings ;

not one mother left to die of want of food, as Mrs. Weaver died last year in this rich country. If we had the will to do this, we could do it. We could begin this same day. But in this day Englishmen are not valued so high as machines. Too many of them are without even the hope of life. This frightful comment comes from one of the young men at Wincham on a speech made to them by a visitor ; " Much good it does talking to us about future generations—*we* can't marry or have children ".

For my part I am sworn not to cease talking and writing about these things. First, since there is no reason other than our lack of common will why England should not become a nation of free men and women, not indeed equal in skill or quality but all equally apt to use such skill and quality as they have to the best purpose. Anything less is an open cheat. I cannot respect any man who is content to enjoy a comfort and security that others of his countrymen have not. The will to see England rebuilt, her every child happy, well reared, faithfully and wisely bred, is the only degree of patriotism I understand. Any colder or more neutral sort is apt to look no different from the anxiety to preserve the comforts and privileges of a class.

There is no doubt, but an England reformed at home would be attentively listened to abroad. " Why else was this Nation chos'n before any other, that out of her as out of *Sion* should be proclam'd and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all *Europe*."

NOVELIST

ERNEST RAYMOND

Ernest Raymond

PATRIOTISM is love of country; having said which, let me make clear what, for the purposes of this essay, these terms will mean. Let me come right home. Patriotism for an Englishman is love of England, and in this predicate there are two terms: "love" and "England". Be very clear that "love" does not here imply an abandonment of criticism, nor an emotion free from distresses and disappointments with the beloved. It will certainly imply a desire that the beloved should excel, but only in things that are lovely; and to this writer things that are capable only of quantitative measurement are rarely lovely; he has no desire that any of his loved objects should be acquisitive or grandiose or grasping, should bully or outwit or grab. And "England"—this name does not imply merely a triangular portion of green and rolling earth, lapped by three seas, though it means this, among other things, very surely, for we have a right to love the garden that we have made through the centuries, and the sheer material earth that has known the feet of our fathers and now holds their trophies and guards their dust. It will mean also, of course, a community of persons who have been willing to wake up into the world and find themselves members of a club with a governing committee, a system of

rules, a membership roll that goes back into the misty centuries, a body of good tradition, and many memories, of which some are glorious and flattering, and some, alas ! ignoble and distressing, some happy and some very sad and all the more binding for the sorrow that hangs over them. It is a family club in the fullest sense ; nay, an actual family, because most of the members have a blood relationship somewhere, and all the others have been adopted and given the full privileges in exchange for the full loyalty—this loyalty being, at its best, the same critical and discriminating love of which I have already spoken.

Very good then. Patriotism, within the compass of this English essay, is such a love for such an England.

Now a thinker's attitude to such an emotion will depend on the balance he is prepared to strike between his pure reason and the instinctive and passional part of his nature. Let us agree that some people undoubtedly allow the instinctive and passional too much uncontrolled sway ; and that others—especially in this arid and cynical modern hour—undoubtedly enthrone the reason far too high, to the destruction of almost all the lovelier emotions of life. Pure emotionalism is a lamentable state, no doubt, but pure intellectualism is no whit better. A man if he would lead a full life is compelled to find a balance between the two. For reason, if carried far enough, could obviously find a rational invalidity in every emotion, good or bad, and so disable or destroy it, with the desolating result that we should then be very near an end of all differentiation of character,

all personality, all richness and interest and drama in the human scene ; from which disgusting climax may the gods, after forgiving us our intellectual presumption, most mercifully preserve us.

Consider. As I turn and look back over my past life I see four outstanding loves ; outstanding because in their service I would have sacrificed most things, even—yes, I am trying to write the truth—even, in the service of three of them, my life. Here they are : one or two women, my two children, my daily work of trying to create the perfect novel, and—England. Now, when I have loved a woman, I have joyously accepted the instinctive and passional side of my nature and told reason, not exactly to go away, but to keep its place and only to come when called for. And from its corner my reason has pointed out that, lovely though the lady is, there are unquestionably lovelier women than she, and that there, indeed, goes one along the street. It has pointed out that, dear though her character is with its frailties and perversities, there are women without these weaknesses, exquisite, selfless creatures, much better than she. And when it comes to cleverness, it is obvious that she is not the peer of So-and-so and Such-a-one. In short, my reason has declared that there is really no " reason " why I should love this particular woman, and I have answered, " Yes, I know it ; and I don't care a damn."

It is the same with my children. God knows that my reason makes it daily clear to me that there are handsomer chaps ; distressing reports from school suggest unmistakably that there are wiser ones ; often my eyes fall on better behaved and, as it seems to

me, more exuberantly affectionate ones ; and yet these thoroughly imperfect creatures have their hands upon my heart, sometimes constricting it to a sweet pain.

And my work. Do I not know that in this world of able writers the odds against my writing the one novel that will be elected to endure are a thousand to one ; that, having acquired a certain facility with the pen, it would be much more sensible to write two or three novels in the year and make precisely twice or thrice my present income ; and that there is nothing " reasonable " in spending a whole afternoon polishing a sentence when the butcher is waiting with his bill at the door? And yet I tell reason to be gone, for, desirable though the pleasures are that money can provide, the irrationality of the artist finds no pleasure so great as that of striving to shape a beautiful thing.

And England. So unreasonably do I love England that (let me confess it) I have not once written the dear name in this article without a faint, sweet thrill. I do not know why—I do not desire to know why—but the name calls always to me with a sound as of trumpets. When I have completed a novel I have to go carefully through it to make sure that this word, which seems to make every sentence beautiful, does not appear too frequently ; much as a woman, walking home from a tea-party, will run over her recent chatter, praying heaven that she didn't speak of Arthur and Millie too often and too long. Once when I was travelling across the Polish plain with an American woman novelist, and she no sentimentalist, but a good hard-headed modern writer with no nonsense about her, I looked over the vast

level lands and asked her, " Is it only my local patriotism, or is there really no landscape in the world quite so appealing as the English countryside ? " and she answered : " Mr. Raymond, I come to England every May, and I get into my train at Liverpool and turn my face to the window ; and when we have got out into the country, I say to my husband, ' Bill, don't speak to me. Don't speak to me between here and the outskirts of London, because, if you do, I shall weep ' " ; and, hearing this praise of England, I felt much as a stupid woman does, who watches her spawn go up and take his prize.

There is no reason in it ; but reason may sanction it. Mr. Wells, when he scoffs at " La France " and " Deutschland " and " England " as mere words with little but a transitory geographical and a comparatively brief historical reality behind them, may have all reason on his side, but the instinctive and passional part of a man may respectfully decline to go beneath the tyranny of reason and there be guillotined. I have an immense admiration for Mr. Wells's homeric labours for the unification of the modern world and cheer every stinging word he has written against the loathsome grasping individualism of old-fashioned nationalism, but the other side must be stated before the true balance is found. You must correct your patriotism by reason ; up to a point you must control it by reason ; but you must not guillotine it by reason. And indeed you cannot ; any more than by reason you can overthrow a man's sexual love or parental love, or an artist's creative passion.

England may be no more than a transitory geographic reality, but it is for the present our garden and our estate. The historical system which we call England may be a very late appearance in the æons of astronomical time, and one that is destined to merge into something much larger. But for the moment it is our club, and, as long as history endures, it will be an everlasting *fact*. England may have many faults (but so had your mistress, and so has your son). For my part I dislike a certain dull unimaginativeness in the majority of her people which gave to her, who is so obviously humane and kindly at heart, one of the blackest records in penal history till her brighter sons stirred her imagination and enabled the natural kindliness to break through, so that now she has laws more lenient than any other land. I dislike too the present beefy Philistinism of her upper middle classes with its distrust of education, intellectuality, and art; and still more the vulgar values of her business leaders, who, for a terrible hundred years or so, have valued success in terms of the cheque-book, the pretentious mansion, and the coronet on the crockery, the notepaper, and the gate. But, while recoiling from these things I *have* to love her.

And in my need to love her I find so much to justify me. I see so much that is matter for pride. The other day I was looking from a train window, like my friend, the American lady novelist, and an exciting thing happened. It seemed to me that I saw England. I do not mean that I saw a far-spread view of her meadows and woods and hills, though this was a big part of the vision, but that

I saw (or thought I saw) in one quick, sudden conspectus all, or much, that she is, or stands for, and will continue to be, as long as she is a power in the world at all.

Remember first the landscape that I saw. I saw a country of patterns, miniature and manifold ; a country very green because it was so largely pasture and the cheeks of its hills were so thickly wooded ; a country that rolled more than most, so that one village did not easily see the spire of the next ; a country that owed much to two things—to the humidity of its atmosphere which sooner or later healed the scar of every garish building by covering it with lichen and moss, and to the lazy good-nature of its people who threw their hedges and their roadways where they wanted them, left their villages to muster as they would, and lost every battle but the last.

And then I saw that there was every reason for loving the sheer material earth of England because it was responsible, together with the climate that rolled above it, for so much that is best in our culture. It was in a very real sense our matrix and our mother. If we have a tradition of toleration and liberty above that of other countries, which most people will readily allow us, then it was largely bred from our earth and sky. Nothing new in this, to say that the material country has always played a large part in creating the historical country ; but it seemed to me that day that our island earth and the moist air that flew over it had moulded into our tradition so much more good than ill.

Let me show you what I mean. From my window I saw a land of small things : everywhere there was

differentiation, everywhere there was smallness and variety, whether it was in the wild flowers on the bank, the trees in the spinney, the hills between county and county, or in the fact, so often remarked by foreign visitors, that each of her counties was quite different from the others and yet all in their quiet domesticity, and in the small scale of their peculiar features, were unmistakably England. One reason for her kindly, tolerant individualism, stared me in the face ; and lo ! as I looked, I saw it expressed everywhere in the dwellings of her people, for whether they were grey cottages, unsightly bungalows, or grimy town houses, each had its individual garden full of individual flowers behind a high individual fence. Now individualism at its worst is a terrible thing, crude and grasping, the denial of the essence of itself ; but at its best, and as the English on the whole have tended to understand it, it means toleration, liberty and fair opportunity for each and all. Her grass. Probably there was none quite like it anywhere, except in the sister land of Ireland ; and this grass had given her the games of ball which had meant so much to her culture, and the quiet of her pastures which had meant so very much more. To her rainy climate she owed, not only the fireside and the garden, with such domestic virtues as were their fruits, but also her humour of the " grin-and-bear-it " type, which had saved her in a hundred battles. To her hills and her thousand bays she owed exploration and enterprise ; and lastly, but most significantly, to her ring of sea she owed that deep, innate, unconscious sense of security and self-confidence, which,

if sometimes manifested in unamiable traits, had yet been a strong psychological wall behind which to attempt the structure of liberty.

I am writing only as an Englishman. A Frenchman or a German would write differently. But it is useless to tell me that this patriotism is a modern phenomenon, and ultimately separable from the human personality. I cannot believe that it is any more separable than love of bride, love of offspring, or love of creative work. Only the size of the homeland alters and enlarges, from Athens to Greece, from Mercia to Britain and Britain beyond the sea. From the first lispings of literature I hear it. "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion. . . . How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" "Oh, for a kind Greek market place again"—sang the captive Greek women in Tauris—"Here I stand hungering. Give me the little hills above the sea, the palm of Delos fringéd delicately, the young sweet laurel and the olive tree. . . ." "Traveller," wrote Abd er Rhaman, Syrian conqueror of Spain, "you will go to my country, take with you there the salutation of half of myself to my other half. . . ." And the Speech of Pericles has the very accents of an Englishman declaring that there is no justice like English justice, and no land so good to live in as England.

There remains then only the question of the hour, War. And here I feel strangely defeated. That I would willingly suffer for England I am certain; but would I kill for her? I can only say, I do not know. I want to speak pure truth, and I cannot tell what would happen to me if the English bugles sang again.

I abominate war with the best ; I abominate it as the bankruptcy of understanding and humour and humanity ; I am a League of Nations man, speaking and writing for it whenever I can ; I know I would not support England in an unrighteous war abroad ; I do not think I would fight for the retention of her possessions overseas, because I have a sense of fair play for the other fellow and I do not measure England's greatness in terms of bulk ; I am against the private armament firms ; I am for the Peace Ballot ; in fact, I have every virtue, but . . . but I am bewildered ; I do not see how one can disarm and the other not ; I do not see how one can lower the level of the ocean at one point and not at all points ; I do not see how one can cry, " Ravage " ! and the other cry " Come " ! I see that one must do one's utmost to produce sanity throughout the world, but I do not see how, until this sanity is universal, one can do other than be ready to defend oneself in an insane turmoil.

This only the pure truth bids me say. Why any state should invade England, or what it would gain by it, I cannot see ; but if such a ravager comes during the time my strength lasts, I simply cannot imagine myself sitting down and letting him pass me by. In such an unlikely event I feel certain that my love for England would take instant and irrational command. If any comes to waste her, I must bare my arm.

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A MAN has only to own a thing to love it. Pipes that are foul, shapeless slippers, arm-chairs with broken springs and protruding stuffing—these things we love simply because we are used to them, because we have a habit of them, because they are *ours :* and not only love, but cling to and fight for, in spite of all the efforts of outraged females to deprive us of objects at once so disreputable and so old. But of all familiar things we love most those which are of Nature. Most men have a love for the place in which they were brought up, but the old home is doubly dear, if it is a country one. The farm and its yard, the pond with the ducks, the lane, the hedgerows in Spring, the woods in Autumn, the smell of a wood fire or a peat—these are things whose memory abides, and, though our lives may be cast in distant places, the thought that they are there, waiting for us to come back to them, brings a sense of consolation and assurance even to the most urban lives. It may be fanciful—for the writer of an essay which is designed to call attention to the dangers of national patriotism, it is more than fanciful ; it is imprudent —to suggest that upon the English the memories of their countryside have a quite special hold. There

is something about the English country which peculiarly endears it to those whose home it has been. Its farmhouses, village streets, thatched cottages, water meadows and wayside flowers, the general mildness of the atmosphere, softness of outline and haziness of view, attributable to the dampness of the climate and the gentle contours of the land—these things combine to invest the countryside of England with a tranquil charm which is unique, so that in the heart of the exile they live on as a memory of quiet loveliness from which he should never have been parted, and to which with wistful longing his thoughts inevitably return. For my part—and I hope it will not set pacifist readers of this essay against me—I yield to no patriot in my love of England. Indeed, I love it so much that I can scarcely bear to be out of it for more than a few weeks at a stretch, and, going abroad for a month's holiday, have come scuttling home after a fortnight in a frenzy of nostalgia for the soft lines and changing skies of the English countryside. And I have done this not once, but many times, underrating as we all do the loved thing when it is there, and suffering the more acutely for lack of it when it is absent.

Take, for example, the English sky. When I go to Switzerland or to the South of France and step out on to the platform after a night in the train, the sky is a positive delight. It is so clear, so bright, so incredibly blue, with a clearness, a brightness, a blueness such as in England we never or very rarely know. Indeed, it is often not blue at all, but purple. And then, as day succeeds day, with never a change in the sky, which has always the same clearness, the

brightness, the same purplish blue, one finds this unchanging ceiling monotonous. One longs for variety, for the rapid changes of colour and shape that one knows in England, for clouds to obscure the brightness, for a haze to tone the blue, for the blurred, misty outlines that only the English sky can show. It is only in England that the cloud artist produces his best effects, painting for our delight an ever-changing picture of shifting shapes, dun and brown and white and purple and grey, moving and dissolving across the background of blue.

I have dwelt thus affectionately on the feature of England because, writing as a pacifist, I am anxious to show that unwillingness to slaughter other human beings is not necessarily incompatible with love of country. I love England ; of this I am sure. Yet that it is my duty to kill and mutilate and burn and poison other human beings on its behalf, I am very far from being sure.

Why not ? Why does my patriotism, a patriotism which is quite literally "love of country," lead me to behave otherwise than according to the accepted formula of patriots ?

Before I answer this question, let me describe the kind of patriotism I have tried to illustrate and wish to commend. Two features especially call for notice. First it contains an element of the naïvely comic. For there is, after all, something comic in my conviction that my school, my club, my family, and my house is better than anybody else's simply because I happen to belong to them. There is comedy here because there is conceit, a conceit not at this stage aggressive, but naïve and even likeable, like the

schoolboy's insistence on the superior merits of *his* knife, *his* conkers, *his* stamp-album. There is conceit, too, in our affection for familiar used things. The love that we all of us have for the nursery furniture is at bottom no more than a love for that old-time personality of ours that is so ineffaceably stamped on the decrepit rocking-horse and the broken fire-guard. The stamp of our personality is, then, lovable. We are all grown-up children, it seems, when it comes to vaunting the merits of our possessions. Well, why not? With this sort of patriotism I, for one, have no quarrel.

Secondly, it contains an element which is intrinsically valuable. Patriotism is a complex rope of many strands. It contains pride in one's own, fear of the alien and the strange, beliefs suggested by pride and fostered by history that one's own country represents a great tradition and embodies what is of value to the race. But besides all these it contains something that is at once nobler and more open to attack, an element of worship and willing sacrifice, of joyful merging of the individual life in the life of others, so that serving a cause, devoting ourselves to an ideal, sacrificing ourselves for what we know to be noble and good, we are lifted up out of the little pit of vanity and desire which is itself, and purged of our littleness by losing ourselves in what is other than and greater than the self. This religious element in patriotism is the source of the strength of States, since it enables the State to enlist the best that is in man in its service, irrespective of whether the ends which are served are evil ends or good.

The introduction of the word "States" brings me

to a distinction which I wish to stress, the distinction between one's country and its government, between the community and the State. This distinction is vital in the eyes of those who, like myself, while yielding to none in love of country, do not share the view of most of our fellow-countrymen that in certain circumstances the killing and maiming of other human beings is the most appropriate way of expressing our love. For it is, we hold, the policy of States and not the love of country which seeks to impose this so-called duty upon us.

On what lines is the distinction to be drawn? Our country, we should say, consists of all those things, places and persons which are loved because they are known and familiar, and of things, places and persons like unto them. Our State is the particular form of government under which our fellow-citizens have chosen to live; it makes laws through the agency of law-givers, that is to say, the least unsuitable of the various unsuitable persons whom, by process of elimination and rejection exercised upon those, presented to them at election time, our fellow-citizens have sent to represent them in Parliament, and administers them through an army of officials who are neither better nor worse than ourselves.

It is our country that we love, not the State. It is the State which exploits our love of country, and seeks to exploit it for its own ends, which are only too often ends of power and domination over other States. The pursuit of these ends is liable to lead to war. It is because of patriotism that wars come to be fought not by evil men knowing themselves to

be wrong, but by good men passionately convinced that they are right ; and this conviction is engineered in men by the propaganda of States which, by successful appeals to their idealism, induces them to further the ends of covetousness, fear and hate.

The power of propaganda is, indeed, very great. If I get up in a public hall and inform the audience that I am the most modest man alive, nobody will believe me : but if I spend a few hundred thousand pounds in placarding every hoarding in the country with the flaming announcement : " Mr. C. E. M. Joad is the most modest man alive ", many, if not most, of my fellow-citizens will become convinced that I have an abnormal shrinking from publicity. It is by similar methods that the State induces in its citizens a belief in its own abnormal virtue. In every civilised country the instruction of the young emphasises the glory and merit of their own State and the ignominy and folly of its rivals. In times of crisis these early lessons are reinforced by the full power of Government propaganda descending upon the defenceless heads of the populace through the thousand and one agencies—the wireless, the Press, the cinema and the pulpit—by which public opinion is formed and moulded. Now you can always propagate a propaganda, if you have the proper geese ; and, when war threatens, it is fear, induced by propaganda that the country they love may be in danger, that transforms decent citizens into proper geese. As a result they come to believe that their own nation is deserving of moral support in whatever quarrel it chooses to enter, irrespective of the causes of the quarrel, and that it is their duty to maim and

disembowel other human beings whom they have never seen, whenever the State to which they happen to belong deems the mass slaughter of the citizens of another State desirable.

If this is in fact the duty which patriotism enjoins, then for my part, I am not a patriot. Why do I and those, a growing number, who share my views, disown this duty? There are, I think, two main reasons.

In the first place, we do not think that the claims imposed upon us by our love of country are exclusive. There may be counter-claims. Patriotism considered as a moral or a religious creed suffers from a lack of universality. It maintains that the safety and prosperity of those human beings who happen to have been born in a single topographical area are immensely to be preferred to the safety and prosperity of human beings in all other areas. The area in question may be, and often is, quite arbitrarily defined.* One's partiality for it is also arbitrary, being in the last resort determined by the circumstance of having been born in a bedroom which falls within it. This seems, to say the least of it, an inadequate reason for dividing the human race into friendly sheep and hostile goats. It is upon this division that patriotism fiercely insists, and, by its insistence causes us to become indifferent to the sufferings of vast numbers of our fellow human beings. The more intensely a man believes in patriotism, the more fundamentally indifferent to these sufferings will he become. Now it cannot, I suggest, be a duty,

* e.g. In the case of some of the new States created by the post-War treaties.

either of religion or of morals, so arbitrarily to delimit the horizon of one's kindliness and humanity, as to be willing to inflict untold suffering upon that part of the human race which the State bids one denominate as " enemies ", in the hope, the surely vain hope, of warding off similar sufferings from that part which consists of one's own fellow-citizens.

The essential value of patriotism, as I said above, is that it encourages a man to subordinate his own good to a good greater than his own. But once this lesson has been learned, there seems to be no valid reason for stopping short of the human race. Judged from this standpoint patriotism is definitely inferior to humanity. In the present war in Bolivia and Paraguay for the possession of the Gran Chaco, a stretch of territory so covered with impenetrable jungle that it has received the name of " Green Hell ", the Paraguayans won a considerable victory, killing and maiming many hundreds of Bolivians. A party of some three hundred Bolivians escaped into the jungle, where they suffered severely from lack of water, so severely that they were in danger of dying from thirst. The news of their danger reached the victorious Paraguayans, who immediately sent a detachment supplied with water to endeavour to save the lives of the men they had recently been trying to kill. These ludicrously contradictory activities were prompted by two different sentiments, the attempted killing by the sentiment of patriotism, the attempted saving by that of humanity. For my part, I find no difficulty in determining which was the more admirable.

I do not see any necessary reason why the activities prompted by these two sentiments should not in the long run become identical. That they are not so is due to the arbitrary division of mankind into States. Now it cannot, I think, be doubted, that the sentiment which inspires patriotism will continue to enlarge the area which it regards as relevant to its deliverances, until it is coincident with the whole human race. There is, after all, nothing unique about the Nation-State. It is simply a form of association, one among many, that the human race happens to have evolved. It is provisional, and it will almost certainly be superseded. The course of evolution consists in increasing the size not of the cell or the individual, but of the unit of organisation. Evolution, in fact, is a process by which ever more numerous and diverse units are integrated into ever richer and more comprehensive wholes. The earliest forms of life are unicellular. Advance takes place when members of unicellular units come together to form an individual, who is a colony of cells. At an early stage in the evolution of vertebrate mammals, individual joins with individual to form the family. At an early stage in the evolution of human beings, family joins with family to form a larger whole, the tribe. Still later, tribe joins with tribe to form a whole yet larger, the Nation-State. Desire for security appears to have been the form which has led to these later integrations, and it is something of an historical accident that has prevented this desire from already proceeding to its logical conclusion in the construction of a World State. Rome, for example, nearly succeeded in paving the way for this further integration. But

always hitherto the factors, which make for conservation at the level of the unit of integration actually reached, have proved too strong for the drive of evolution in the direction of this further integration. For, whatever the unit which at any particular level of the evolutionary process happens to have been attained, whether family, tribe, or Nation-State, it becomes a focus of influential human sentiments. Patriotism is invoked on its behalf, self-sacrifice in its service, pugnacity in its defence, jealousy for its honour. These sentiments combine to resist its absorption into a larger unit, and such absorption has only been achieved in the past at an appalling price in terms of human suffering. Nevertheless, it cannot, I think, be reasonably doubted that a further stage of integration lies before mankind and that State must eventually combine with State to constitute a final unit of integration which is World State. Until this consummation is effected, patriotism will remain inimical to the good of human beings considered as a whole.

There are other goods to which it is no less hostile. There are, I believe, in the universe certain absolute values—goods, that is to say, which are desired for their own sakes and not for the sake of any other good that they may bring. It is these values which confer upon the transient life of men such poor merit as it possesses. As yet we know them but fleetingly, sensing them dimly through the veil of sense. We are like men to whom there shoots down from the place where light is flashes and gleams which blind and dazzle us, so that, while the power of our vision is upon us, we can tell of it only in confused and

halting tones. Yet though our account, an account conveyed in the writings of the mystics and the work of the artists, is halting and confused, it is of something real that we have to tell, and it is by the standard of our increasing knowledge of this reality, of the fuller realisation of the values it contains, that the advance of the race is to be measured.

The judgment of mankind has fined down these values to three—Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, to which we may, I think, add a fourth, Happiness. How does war, the fruit of patriotism, bear upon these? That war destroys human happiness, I take to be self-evident. That it poisons Truth, the propaganda departments of belligerent Governments bear witness. What of Beauty, of the vision of the artist and his capacity to convey that vision to his fellows by the creation of beautiful things? How does patriotism effect the artist? A German musician, knowing nothing of politics, intent on his art, is suddenly commanded in the name of patriotism to endeavour to shoot an English painter, whose continued existence his Government assures him menaces all that he holds dear. The English painter, attentive only to his painting, is simultaneously called upon to shoot the German, who, so he is informed, has recently become a disgrace to the human race. If the two men were to declare, " this is none of our business ; we are not interested in slaughter, or in the ends for which it is enjoined. Let those whose patriotism brings about wars fight in them and leave us alone ", they would be denounced as traitors by their countries, and, if they persisted in their indifference, shot. In order to avoid this fate, they try to shoot each other. If

the musician shoots the painter, Germany rejoices ; if the painter the musician, England. But nobody reflects upon the loss to the human race which has been occasioned by the sacrifice of these, its rarer members, upon the altar of the turbulent hates and fears of its inflammable patriots who, thinking only of imagined slights upon the honour and fancied dangers to the security of their country, can think of nothing else.

But there is a second reason which seems to many of us to deprive the actions traditionally enjoined in the name of patriotism of whatever semblance of justification they may once have possessed. These actions are praised on the ground that they help to protect the country which is loved and the loved human beings which it contains, and it is on this ground that wars are declared to be necessary by Governments to the citizens who must fight them. Whatever may have been their effects in the past, it can now be confidently anticipated that the activities in question will produce not the results desired but precisely the contrary. So certain is this that patriots who care for their country should regard it as the beginning and end of their duty to keep it out of war.

That fighting does not protect, but endangers what it purports to defend is one of the few salutary lessons which emerged from the last War. For example, men were then encouraged to kill and maim other men in order to protect their kings ; by this means a very considerable number of kings were " protected ". The effect upon the " protected " was, however, not always such as was intended ; indeed the process of

being " protected " is always dangerous, and in five cases,* proved fatal.

As with kings, so with peoples. It is impossible to read the accounts which experts give of the next war, without realising that it will mean the end of such civilisation as we have managed to achieve. The new factor in the situation is the aeroplane and its capacity for carrying high explosive and poison gas bombs. Against the aeroplane there are, it appears, no adequate means of defence. " And I think it is well also for the man in the street to realise that there is no power on earth that can protect him from being bombed. Whatever people may tell him, the bomber will always get through. The only defence is in offence, which means that you have to kill more women and children more quickly than the enemy, if you wish to save yourselves." So said Mr. Baldwin in the House of Commons. . . . It cannot, I think, be reasonably doubted by those who have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the literature of the subject that Mr. Baldwin is right. In the last War we succeeded in bringing down 4.8 per cent. of the total number of invading enemy aeroplanes. In the last raid of the War the forces of defence were more successful than on any other occasion, accounting for six out of a fleet of twenty-two invaders. Let us suppose that in the first raid of the next war the forces of defence are exactly twice as effective as they were in the last raid of the last, accounting for twelve out of a fleet of twenty-two or the equivalent, let us say, of 600 out of the 1,100 planes which, within a few

* Tsar Nicholas II, Kaiser Wilhelm II, Emperor Franz Josef, Sultan of Turkey, King Nicholas of Montenegro.

hours of the declaration of war, might be expected over London. What consolation would that be, when any single bomb dropped from any one of the surviving 500 might lay waste an area of a quarter of a square mile, extinguishing every living thing within it.

For the possibilities of aerial warfare and aerial attack have increased enormously since 1918. The radius of the action of the aeroplane has grown together with the technique of its navigation. Fog and clouds at night, which were the adversaries of bombing planes during the last War, will be their friends in the next. According to Brigadier-General Groves, France could drop 600 tons of bombs on London in twenty-four hours. What is true of London is true of Paris, of Rome, of Berlin, of all the great European capitals, except perhaps Moscow. Every European capital—we may as well face the fact—is liable to have rained upon it within a few hours of the declaration of war either enough blistering gas to contaminate twenty-two square miles or enough asphyxiating gas to cover thirty-six square miles. Meanwhile, the scientists continue their atrocious progress in the contrivance of ever more effective modes of chemical destruction. Because their results are concealed we shall not, when war is declared, be able to devise effective protection against them, and whole populations will be massacred by poison. Famine and plague will complete the work begun by bacteria and explosives. Thus the next war will not see young men fighting young men ; it will see men poisoning women with bacteria and choking them with gas ; it will see children retching out their insides in the convulsions produced by the inhalation of

mustard gas and chlorine. It is not a pretty picture, and those who love their country will do well to ask themselves whether it is by permitting it to engage in war that patriotism can best be served. Is it not rather the bounden duty of those who really care for their country to protect it at all costs from the fate which awaits it in the next war? But this can only be done by turning our backs upon the bad tradition of the past which insists that the best way of proving our love is by fighting and maiming and killing, and by finding some other and better way of expressing our patriotism.

What way? The answer falls outside the scope of this essay, whose purpose is to consider what true patriotism enjoins rather than how war can be averted. Personally I believe that the course of passive resistance, however difficult it may be to follow and whatever sacrifices it involves, would be both less harmful and more positively efficacious than a willingness to fight. In the last War eleven million men were killed. In the pestilence and famines which were caused by or directly followed the War there died in addition twenty-nine million men, women and children. The number of wounded was past all counting, but those who were maimed and mutilated and have gone through life ever since not as whole but as part human beings, lacking arms and legs, eyes, ears or lungs, is estimated at about twenty-one million. Can any evil that may come of a simple refusal to fight be comparable to this appalling sum of human misery? I do not believe that a dispassionate consideration of this question can lead to an affirmative answer.

Moreover, I observe that to be without the alleged means of security is in the modern world the best way of achieving it. If, being desirous of avoiding violent death in war, I were asked before birth to decide to which country I should choose to belong as offering the best chance of dying peacefully in bed, my choice would fall upon one of the Scandinavian countries. Denmark and Norway have not thought it necessary to make elaborate preparations for their defence, and rightly, since their record in the matter of freedom from war is greatly superior to that of heavily defended countries such as France, Austria or Germany, which throughout their history have been so apprehensive of enemies, that the armaments which they have piled up in their defence have never seemed strong enough, yet so unfortunate, that they have never been successful in avoiding occasions for their use. I wonder why these undefended nations are so secure ? Perhaps they are too small for anybody to think it worth while to attack them ; or perhaps they can rely on no large power being willing to permit any other to absorb them. Or perhaps there is something in what Christ said after all ! Whatever the reason, those who desire neither to kill nor to be killed, to maim nor to be maimed, will be well advised to contrive in the future to get born as members of small nations.

But the large nations of the world are not as yet brave enough to dispense with force, nor is the course which reason and humanity alike dictate at present a practicable one. The present question for true patriots is, then, how can force, since countries have decided to rely upon it, be used to keep the peace,

and how can the need for its use, even for this purpose, be diminished? The answer, I think, lies through the machinery for collective security now being so painfully elaborated at Geneva. This is no place for a dissertation on the merits of an international police force. But, as a good patriot, in the sense described in the earlier part of this essay, I should like to place it on record that its establishment constitutes in my view by far the best hope for the safety of my country.

Pending the establishment of this machinery, there is one subsidiary step which might, I think, be taken with advantage. To Mr. A. A. Milne belongs the credit for the proposal that all Ministers of the Crown should in future be required on appointment to sign a document stating that they accept office in the full knowledge and understanding that they will be shot within twelve hours of the declaration of war by any Government to which they belong. I applaud the spirit of this suggestion, but consider that it has a serious flaw; it might, and probably would, have such a deterrent effect upon candidates for office that democratic government would become unworkable owing to lack of governors. I cannot, however, find any objection to the proposal that in the next war only men over forty should be called to the colours. This proposal seems to me to be both practicable and just, for the following reasons:

(1) The old are proverbially and vocally patriotic, and extremely sensitive in matters affecting their country's honour. They should, therefore, welcome the opportunity to give proof of their patriotism

in their own persons, and not, as hitherto, vicariously.

(2) The conditions of modern warfare no longer put a premium upon a high degree of physical fitness. The old can drive tanks or drop bombs as well as the young.

(3) Men over forty have already enjoyed some sort of life and can with greater appropriateness be asked to risk what remains than the young who have had no life at all.

For all these reasons the proposal is, I feel, such as patriots should welcome. Moreover, it has the advantage that its general adoption would enormously diminish the danger of war.

POLITICS

Conservative

LT.-COL. SIR ARNOLD WILSON, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Member of Parliament for the Hitchin Division of Hertfordshire

Lt.-Col. Sir Arnold Wilson, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Member of Parliament for the Hitchin Division of Hertfordshire

Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connâit point. Patriotism is not, for me, a feeling to be defined in set terms. It is akin to the Roman virtues of *pietas* and *gravitas.* "These", wrote Mr. Baldwin in his address to the Classical Association in 1926, "were the foundations of a patriotism which alone could carry the burden of Empire, a patriotism innate, a motive force of incalculable power, yet something at its best so holy that it was never paraded, sought no reward, was taken for granted, and had no single word to express it. . . . Bounded at first by the confines of the city, it differed from Greek patriotism in that it had in it the seeds of life and growth, and it expanded with the spread of the Roman name. Such patriotism is not unknown amongst us, and so long as it exists it will leaven much."

A patriot is one who remembers the pit from which he was digged and the rock from which he was hewn; his instinct is to dedicate to and employ such talents as he may possess for the sake of the community of which he forms a part, without hope or desire of tangible reward.

The family and the nation are, to him, essential to the existence of man in society: his feeling towards the

one and the other differs in degree but not in kind. He will seek to strengthen the family, and will on principle oppose those who seek to undermine it by enlarging the powers of the " State "—a conception which is not synonymous with that of " the Nation ". He will do so not only on religious grounds, though these are both strong and sufficient, but also on biological grounds. Marriage, followed normally by procreation, is a fundamental and unalterable fact, constituting a physical and physiological bond than which none is so real or so lasting.

Patriotic men and women, therefore, are by instinct eugenists. Knowing that our population will certainly diminish greatly in the near future they will regard with approval all measures designed to improve the innate quality of the population, a process which has as yet scarcely begun. If only because war leads to the destruction of the fittest on both sides they will seek peace and ensue it : they will be willing to promote the elimination of certain rare types ; they will be prepared, by marriage allowances or otherwise, to encourage certain elements in the population to perpetuate their kind, and to discourage others. They will accept the need for racial segregation in given areas in order to prevent miscegenation between races who are known to produce unstable or unsound types. They will oppose the admission of alien types of whatever race who are physically or mentally below the average and the fact that some such may be British subjects will not prevent their exclusion from areas to which they do not belong. But they will encourage the admission to Great Britain, for example, of men of a high physical or mental standard,

of whatever nationality provided they are, physically and metaphorically, good mixers.

Racial prejudices usually have a biological basis : the popular prejudice against mixed marriages has never in this country extended, for example, to Germans or Danes, Swedes or Hollanders. So far as it extends to Jews it is a natural consequence of the endogamous practice of a race which, by insisting on a Jew marrying a Jewess, has enabled the Hebrew race to preserve, and even develop to advantage, certain outstanding physical and mental characteristics.

Second in importance and in strength only to the bonds which unite a family are those of nationality. " A nation ", wrote Renan, " is a spiritual family, the product of past memories, past sacrifices, past glories, past sorrows and common regrets . . . and of present desires to continue to live as one. What makes a nation is not a common tongue, or membership of an ethnographical group—though these have their own value and significance—but the achievement of great things in the past, and the desire to achieve them in the future. The nation is a spiritual principle, with its roots deep in history."

The true patriot is one who recognises the significance to the individual of this aspect of the nation. Such men only can adequately interpret the ambitions and feelings of their own people to the leaders of other nations. In the diplomatic world *il faut être tout a fait de son pays pour être quelque chose.* That is why some statesmen in Europe and Asia have secured so strong a popular hold that they have become, and remained, dictators. Co-operation between nations involves in practice, personal exchanges of views

between national representatives. The more completely they embody the spirit and understand the prejudices of the nations they represent the better the prospect of a real understanding, as opposed to a bilateral acceptance of an agreed formula which avoids the main issue.

An ideal which is not practicable may prove to be a dangerous delusion. " Internationalism " to-day is an ideal which can be realised only by a frank and willing acceptance of the overriding status of the nation as a social unit from which dissident elements have been segregated or in extreme cases eliminated. The processes of elimination and segregation are cruel ; the motives that prompt nations to set them in motion may be, and often are, unworthy, but they are fundamental to the outlook of the greater part of the world to-day and must be accepted as unalterable for the present.

" It is not for us and you ", said the Jews to the King of the Assyrians (Esdras i, v. 70 and 71) " to build together an house unto the Lord our God. We ourselves alone will build." " Ourselves alone "—the words in Erse are " Sinn Fein "—and from this very text is drawn the slogan which has made history. Our bodies are the temple of the spirit : the best men and women know that if they would build the next generation worthily they must choose their mates wisely. We know as yet all too little of the science of eugenics—but in progress in that direction, however slow, lies the larger hope of the world.

Patriotism helps men of one nation to understand the feelings of those of another nationality. It teaches them to seek not to overcome opposition, but

to prevent a clash : to accept without resentment, a difference of view, however fundamental, whilst retaining their own convictions. Perhaps this is why military and naval officers are so generally welcome as ambassadors, in the widest sense of the term, of goodwill, and why soldiers and sailors of different and even hostile nations fraternise more readily than civilians. Their profession is known to the world : their feet are firmly set upon a straight path : theirs is an honourable estate for they have pledged themselves to die, if need be, in the service of their fellow men. When soldiers and sailors, especially those who have seen much active service, speak of their former foes, it is with respect and without rancour ; the non-combatants who wield the pen, sometimes anonymously, are often blinded by passion or fear.

An element of physical affection is seldom absent from patriotism. Dear to us is the soil, and dearer still the speech, the faces, the traditions and the hopes of those with whom we have grown to manhood, and to whom we feel " we belong ". I spent my youth from the age of six till the age of eighteen in a large manufacturing town in Lancashire. It was without beauty or dignity : but I still feel more " at home " when I see mill-chimneys on the horizon, and bales of wool and cotton, truck loads of coal and of pit props on the railway than when I walk in country lanes among green fields, and the harsh burr of the north sounds sweet to my ears. On my father's side I spring from shepherd stock who for many centuries held land in Cumberland : nowhere do I feel on more familiar and sure ground than in the bleak valley of Wastwater where my ancestors kept their

sheep. Let us not discourage such feelings, but rather resolve that the rising generation shall grow up in surroundings to which they may look back with affection : the slum may be a more homely place than a sanitary and standardised tenement. A home is *not* a " machine " to live in.

The exaltation of Nationalism, to which patriotic men and women are instinctively drawn, is a vice ; formulated in terms of policy it may well become a prison, but statesmen cannot ignore it, for it has a psychological and even a biological basis. It is by hope for their children alone that men will be moved to endure hardness and to run with patience the race set before them. The future is hidden from us, as it was hidden from our forefathers. We shall face it more boldly if we remember how dark to their eyes was the road which they trod. We and they are one, for the soul of a nation lives in the past as well as in the present. From our fathers and mothers we inherit confidence in and love for each other, the desire to live with and to serve our fellows, and to transmit to our children a legacy worthy of the great company of men and women who, having served their generation, died strong in the same love and faith. We, the people of these islands, and those of our blood overseas, have done great things in the past, and we shall, by God's grace, do yet greater things in the future. The individual dies, but the nation of which he was in his day a living part endures. Some writers claim that human stock is like that of fruit trees, where the best kinds tend to work themselves out after many generations of useful and productive service. I cannot myself accept this reading of

history and it is certain that we have it in our power to ensure that the vigour of the race is maintained unabated. With this object in view the patriot will aim at providing such opportunities to youth in every walk of life as will ensure a steady supply in the future of sturdy stocks who will serve the nation. We must spare no effort to give the best—and they are few—every chance to make the most of their lives in the interest of their fellows : we must beware lest we sacrifice them by short-sighted and ill-judged outlay on those at the other end of the scale. Gifted children to-day need special treatment and facilities not less than for the backward.

Patriotic men are to be found in every political party. Some will emphasise the power and duty of the State to order men's lives and will seek to oust individual enterprise in the national interest. Others will emphasise the paramount importance of freedom, holding that to exercise the power of choice (granted that it exists) is of the essence of morality and of the individual growth. They will claim, as I do, that the essence of citizenship is freely to exercise that choice with due regard to the interests of others. The only freedom open to men in society is freedom to choose whom or what cause we shall serve, and in what manner we will earn our living and live the good life. The most that the State can do is to establish conditions which will allow the largest number of citizens to exercise that choice.

To some patriotic men and women freedom of this sort is important on other grounds. There is far more danger to Society from great numbers of people who cannot choose what course they will follow, than

from those who can think and decide for themselves. That loyalty of a man to his fellows, and to his country which is the essence of patriotism, is a great virtue, but it must at critical moments have a basis of reason. It can be cultivated only in an atmosphere of freedom, where men are willing with open eyes to incur risks in order to maintain the sense of personal responsibility of the individual for himself and for his fellows. Once freedom of choice is subordinated to the claim of the State there is no goal but an authoritarian or totalitarian regime in which patriotism, because it is compulsory and in a sense automatic, ceases to be a virtue and may become a disease. It was Milton, a great patriot, who wrote, " Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live "— by precept and example.

Yet, holding these views as I do, deeply and even passionately, I do not withhold the name from those who, feeling deeply from experience that the burden on the shoulders of many of their fellows is so heavy that even the best cannot rise to their full stature, seek what appear to be short and easy ways to improve their lot. Their aims are mine but not their methods ; let us have a care lest we identify patriotism, the noblest of human feelings, with party cries.

" I find in the House of Commons " wrote Mr. Baldwin in the year of the General Strike, " especially among the Labour Party, many men who fifty years ago would have gone into the Christian Ministry. They have been drawn into political life from a deep desire to help the people. Such men are common in all parties to-day. . . . The electorate is intensely anxious to listen to men who have sincerely at heart

the uplifting of the nation. The political career properly viewed is really a kind of ministry."

That is not less true to-day : it should be equally true of local government. No patriotic man or woman will be indifferent to politics, local or imperial, and they will not gibe at those who devote their energies to public affairs, nor regard as unworthy the ambition of men to fill an honourable part in the affairs of the nation. Least of all will they ignore or deride ministers of religion and those who co-operate with them in reminding men that they owe the supreme allegiance—love—to God and, secondly, to their neighbour. The basis of our civilisation is the Christian faith : we have scarcely begun to realise its implications and to translate them into practice. The recognition of religion as something above and beyond the daily life, of which the family and the nation is an integral part, is the supreme patriotism.

POLITICS

Liberal

GEOFFREY LE M. MANDER

Member of Parliament for the Eastern Division of Wolverhampton

GEOFFREY LE M. MANDER

Member of Parliament for the Eastern Division of Wolverhampton

THE real meaning of patriotism varies from age to age with the state of the individual, national and international organisation. The development of world machinery since the War as embodied in the League of Nations and all that it stands for provides a suitable opportunity for a redefinition of a word that has seen many changes. I suppose it has always meant on the part of an individual a desire to see some particular unit, large or small, with which he is associated, acquitting itself with credit and achieving success according to the means available to it and to the current tradition.

For instance, starting at the earliest stage, one would find it exemplified in the willingness of each member of the family to do his utmost whenever occasion arises for the benefit of all other members. This might be described as tribal patriotism and, in so far as it is unselfish, it is good. In modern life it is encouraged as *esprit de corps*. Within the unit the individual may have apparently conflicting loyalties. Actually these can generally be resolved by the realisation that they are complementary to each other. False patriotism is created when undue emphasis is given to one only among them.

Taking the town as a unit, an outlet for civic pride is often found in the quite extraordinary enthusiasm created by athletic successes. Instances are in the knowledge of all. In my own town of Wolverhamption it is associated with their football team (the " Wolves "). This localised ardour does not, however, prevent inhabitants of the town, who are also within the borders of the county of Stafford, wishing to see it foremost amongst the counties of England, nor does it prevent them as citizens of Great Britain from being enthusiastic supporters of the English Eleven in the test matches played against Australia.

Extending the process still further, these same individuals as citizens of the British Empire are capable at the same time of joining together with their Australian fellow-subjects in proud commemoration of the achievements and political objectives of their empire.

There is very little difference of opinion about the proper nature of patriotism through these various extending phases. It is in each case based on friendly rivalry, goodwill and co-operative action, in " strife without anger, art without malice ", but all through history up to the time of the Great War, national patriotism between one state and another has been inevitably symbolised in terms of military prowess. By the strength of its fighting services, by the triumphant successes of its naval and military forces, and by the extent of territorial additions secured by these, was national prestige measured.

Every neighbourhood is studded with place names

indicative of the old system of patriotic values. Instances most familiar to me are Inkerman Street, Alma Street, and the village of Portobello, so named after victories in the Crimean War and the achievement of Admiral Vernon in Central America two hundred years ago. In future one hopes the more natural inclination will be to select for remembrance in this way the names of persons or events significant in the triumphs of peace; indeed, the name of President Wilson is already thus recognised in many a street and square of Europe.

Is there any longer justification for the military view of patriotism? There was clearly justification for it up till 1914, as war was the ultimate arbiter between countries. Since the signature of the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact renouncing war as an instrument of policy, it is no longer possible to justify this attitude. The post-War definition of patriotism could more suitably be described as a desire to see one's own country playing the leading part through the machinery of the League of Nations, by conciliation and co-operation in every way deemed effective, in advancing the whole world in the paths of peace and prosperity.

A good example of the high prestige that can be secured for a small state is shown by the international reputation of M. Benês, the representative of Czechoslovakia on the League of Nations, won by the great ability he has shown in bringing together divergent points of view and producing peaceful solutions of difficult problems. In the same way M. Briand's name is honoured throughout the world for his

constant efforts at conciliation and goodwill at Geneva.

Great Britain, too, has every reason to be proud of the signal services rendered to peace by Sir Austen Chamberlain in the carrying through of the Locarno Treaties.

The authority of the League depends entirely on the will of the peoples and the representatives their Governments send to Geneva ; its fortunes will vary in accordance with the courage and resolution displayed by statesmen and the informed and responsive attitude of public opinion, but it is impossible to doubt that, whatever may be the checks encountered and however slow may be the process of development, some organisation of world order must eventually be worked out—indeed, the history books of future generations will undoubtedly refer to the inhabitants of the world in our present epoch as living in an age of barbarism, for what else is an international system, or lack of system, which permits disputes between states to be decided by the wholesale slaughter of the youngest, best and most innocent elements of the population? Even at the present stage it has become definitely unpatriotic to value national prestige in terms of military adventures undertaken in the future.

For instance, the recent action of Japan in breaking her international obligations and repudiating her pledged word by the use of naked force in Manchuria was to the modern outlook a most unpatriotic act and places her by analogy in the same schedule as the American gangster. No doubt in course of time public opinion there, so little responsible for what

has happened, will come to realise the true position and Japan will become once more a loyal, patriotic comrade in world affairs, as she has so well shown herself capable of being in the past.

A great step forward in the organisation of the new world order took place when an International Police Force was sent to the Saar. This evoked in all countries concerned an outburst of genuine national pride, showing clearly that the use of force in this way for the prevention of war is capable of arousing the most sincere patriotic feelings. The British, Italian, Dutch and Swedish peoples were proud of the collective peace work done by their respective troops, and the reorientation of public opinion has been substantially advanced.

It has become more and more realised that the problem is one of the right use of force. To allow it to remain, as in the past, in the hands of individual states, has led to chaos and disaster. As, however, it is evident that for a very long time to come force will play its part in world affairs, the necessity for seeing that it is placed in the right hands is being generally accepted ; in those of the community as a whole instead of in those of individuals—at the disposal of the impartial judge rather than at that of the parties to the dispute.

It is interesting to observe that in the sphere of law considerable progress has been made in the direction of loyal adherence to world authority. The Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague established under the peace treaties has tried a large number of cases and given advisory opinions. In every instance its decisions have been accepted

by the parties concerned. There has been no suggestion that it is beneath the dignity of some particular state to submit its case to a tribunal of some fifteen judges, only one of which would be of its own nationality. Nations large and small have shown willingness to plead before this august tribunal. Great Britain and France found in it the solution of a stubborn problem concerning the rights of British subjects in Tunis, but more significant perhaps was the dispute of the Geneva Zones between France and Switzerland, when after long and difficult negotiations lasting some years the whole question was handed over to the World Court, with the result that a plan acceptable to both sides was worked out. There was no suggestion that it was unpatriotic or humiliating for the great and powerful French nation to accept a third party decision when dealing with the small and militarily weak Swiss Republic.

The remarkable change in sentiment and in the temper of patriotism is clearly shown in this and other cases, and as time goes on and the authority and experience of the Court increases, the tendency will be more and more as a matter of course for all disputes based on the interpretation of legal documents to be settled in this way.

I remember once hearing Senator Dandurand, the French Representative on the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva, pay a striking tribute to the value of judicial and arbitral settlement of differences. He was referring to the decision in the Alaska Boundary case, where he said that his country had been grievously disappointed with the result, and had suffered heavy loss of territory, but he maintained

that in spite of that the decision was infinitely better than one obtained by the heavy sacrifice of human life. That was a noble expression of the new patriotism.

While the prospect for the settlement of justiceable disputes by the judicial method is very hopeful, there remains the very important problem of political disputes, where a settlement on strictly legal lines would perpetuate injustice. It would not be possible to set up a new world order on the lines here discussed if it meant maintaining in perpetuity all treaties exactly as they are at this date. The necessary element of consent would be wanting. Some means, therefore, of giving reality to Article 19 of the Covenant dealing with Treaty Revision is needed. It may be that at some date in the distant future a form of world parliament with legislative functions may arise, but we are a long way from that. It is necessary, therefore, for the time being to place the legislative function in commission, as it were. This might be done by an extension of the powers of the World Court to deal *ex æquo et bono* with disputes where non-justiceable points arise. Or again the Council of the League, on the advice of impartial experts, e.g. Lytton Commission, might be the right body. The advice of the Lytton Commission was, unfortunately, to the grave disadvantage of the world, not acted upon. More happy examples of this method are those concerning the dispute between Sweden and Finland with regard to the Aaland Islands, and between England and Turkey with regard to the ownership of the vilayet of Mosul. In both these cases the objective advice of neutral

Committees enabled the Council to bring about a peaceful settlement. Another proposal is that some new organ—a permanent Court of Equity with personnel of the highest standing—should be set up for the settlement of political disputes just as the World Court deals with justiceable disputes. Whichever method is ultimately adopted, it will probably be found that the services of an International Police Force will be required to see that its decisions are not defied. The most practicable form for this Force would be on an aerial basis.

The analogy with the way in which questions of territorial revision in this country are dealt with is complete. When a borough desires to extend its boundaries at the expense of a county, no form of pressure, military or otherwise, is attempted to be exercised, though feeling is often acute. The case is brought before a parliamentary committee, which, after hearing all the facts on both sides, gives a decision which it considers just and fair, having regard to all the circumstances, and this is accepted as a matter of course, because the decision has behind it the authority both moral and physical of the State. The same procedure is indicated *mutatis mutandis* for the larger arena of world affairs.

The novelty of the idea of an International Police Force presents at first sight to many minds grave difficulties of organisation, but on closer study it would seem that no more difficult problem is presented here than those which have already been surmounted by the ingenuity of mankind. There are many examples in history of persons of different nationalities working together under a single command for the

successful attainment of military objects, as in the wars of Marlborough and Wellington, and the Great War. The French Foreign Legion is a notable example of individuals sinking their national feelings in allegiance to a common loyalty.

The only difference would be the nature of the enemy. In future coercive action will need to be taken only against the aggressor, that State which refuses to accept the appropriate peaceful method of settling its dispute.

Though, no doubt, there would be some to whom service in an International Police Force would make little appeal, there can be no question that the necessary personnel, highly trained and extremely competent, would be available, and that to many minds the appeal of police service on behalf of world authority would be at least as great as that of any national claim. The question is sometimes asked as to what would happen to the nationals of the countries that were parties to a dispute who were members of the Force. The answer surely can be given from the case of the units of the British Army who in 1914 were serving in Ulster when armed resistance to the Home Rule Bill was a possibility. It was indicated to the officers who had their homes there that they could go on leave. It is obviously unwise to place too great a strain where competing loyalties are involved. The sound way is to isolate facets of patriotism that might in moments of tension seem to conflict.

Patriotism must necessarily evoke some of the deepest of human emotions: feelings are aroused, based on custom, tradition, training and education

closely interwoven. All down the avenues of history it has been slowly but surely enlarging its meaning until it finally embraces nothing less than the whole terrestrial globe, with empire, nation, city and family in their true perspective.

POLITICS

Socialist

THE RT. HON. LORD ALLEN OF HURTWOOD

Sometime Chairman of the Independent Labour Party

The Rt. Hon. Lord Allen of Hurtwood

Sometime Chairman of the Independent Labour Party

A GLANCE at Imperialist Japan and Nazi Germany is sufficient to warn us of the dangers wrapped up in the word " Patriotism ". And yet I wish to make it clear at the very outset that I believe patriotic emotions are of immense value. They should be stimulated rather than checked. Like all other profound emotions patriotism can be a great peril as well as a great asset, and it is likely during the next half-century either to wreck or rebuild civilisation.

I do not think we can profitably discuss it as a political conception with a territorial significance, until we have realised that it is also an emotion influencing our personal lives. I wish, therefore, to begin by assessing its value in this personal sense. Although its strict meaning is love of country (*patria*), it has come by usage to symbolise the merging of the life of an individual into that of a group which is wider than a man's own limited personality.

Patriotism arises from an active feeling of pride in or love for an institution or nation. That being so, it is valuable because it provides an emotion of great driving power, causing men to look outwards from themselves. This is especially desirable at the present moment of history, since the twentieth century has a peculiar problem of its own to face, consequent upon our having begun to reject authoritarianism. During

the last fifty years we have experienced the climax of a revolt against blindly accepting our opinions from authority, whether religious or parental. There has been a drive towards freedom for the individual, which in its social expression has meant that we are laying a new emphasis upon self-expression.

As was to be expected, the first intensification of this individualism has landed us in a period of transitional anarchy and self-assertion. In other words we are now passing through a rebellion in favour of self. We are witnessing two tendencies, one an egocentric disregard of the rights of other people, the second a new form of dogmatism. Curiously enough this drive towards individualism does not always in practice lead men, as it should, to respect their neighbour's freedom. Sometimes, of course, it does make us aware of the rights of other individuals, but more often it leads to the exact opposite, so that we become busybodies seeking to impose the results of our own self-assurance upon our less alert brethren.

All this need be only temporary. But in order to make sure that it is so, and in order to direct this valuable new emotion into satisfactory channels, we must build up a philosophy and create new institutions which shall replace the authoritarianism that has so far dominated the lives of our ancestors.

We must, therefore, discover a philosophy of life which does two things at the same time. It must on the one hand provide opportunities for a more enriched expression of individualism. It must on the other hand, give a new impetus towards mutual aid, so that this more vivid individualism shall contribute to the lives of other people. If we cannot

find such a philosophy, it is probable that there will be a setback to authority as a protection against anarchy. Since this will act as a kind of defence-mechanism on the part of the more slow-going sections of the community, and since it will, therefore, arise out of an emotion of fear, the new authoritarianism may prove to be even more dictatorial than the old forms, against which we have revolted. This we see in present-day Germany. That is why patriotism, which by hypothesis is a philosophy which looks outwards from the individual, becomes of great importance. It could be the new medium for the expression of altruism at a moment when we should otherwise have to choose between self-asserting and disintegrating anarchy or a more rigid dictatorship than ever before.

The need for this philosophy of otherliness is also being forced upon us in these days because of an increasing necessity to find new rules of the road in a society which is becoming so complicated. Now that science has armed us with so much more power than we used to possess, we are capable of doing a thousand more things than we could hope to do in the old days. Being thus more powerful we shall all run into each other, as indeed we are already doing upon our roads, with increasing disaster, and there will be many more accidents in society than ever before. This will be the more serious because at the very moment, when our power is increasing and our apparatus more extensive, the philosophy of self-assertion is also more insistent.

How then can patriotism as a personal philosophy help towards the solution of all these problems?

I think it will be by reminding us that there is a satisfaction in contributing to and even losing ourselves in the service of a group outside our own personality, a loyalty to something other than our own individualism. But this idea must also be re-interpreted in our more complicated and congested world, so that it lays the emphasis not upon domination, but upon service. It must do this by frankly admitting that if a man is to serve his fellows, he must learn to do so without seeking to restrict their liberty for the satisfaction of his own individualism or in order to impose his will and opinions. This is no easy matter, for otherliness can easily become a mere instinctive expression of lust for power. For instance, the spirit of altruism and love, inherent in Christianity, ultimately lost itself in the domination of the Inquisition ; and to-day the emotion of self-sacrifice may turn to Communism or Nazism, which are the diversion of idealism to new forms of cruelty and restriction.

Patriotism, therefore, in its old sense is " not enough ", as Nurse Cavell said.

Now patriotism by its very definition lays emphasis upon loyalty to one form of external group which we call a country. It has, as I have already pointed out, become the symbol in common language of any external loyalty, but the real meaning of the word is concerned with love for one's country.

If this emotion outwards towards our country is to prove our salvation in restraining anarchy and promoting otherliness, patriotism must itself come under revision just like everything else in these modern days. It will not fit modern circumstances, if it

remains static when beneath it everything else is changing.

But there is also a peculiar and technical reason why it must now be revised. The relationship of nations to each other has, after many centuries, and especially since the War, undergone a radical transformation in fact and in law. That change is the momentous decision whereby the separate nations of the world have now voluntarily contracted themselves in legal form to associate in establishing the beginnings of a new composite world society. The essence of this contract, which was voluntary in character, consists in nations having imposed limitations upon the absolute sovereignty they have previously enjoyed. They have openly renounced certain rights of sovereignty and accepted certain obligations. For instance: Under the Covenant of the League of Nations, and more precisely in what is called the Kellogg Pact, they have renounced one of the most ancient rights of sovereign states, which is war as an instrument of national policy. This renunciation has been incorporated in law. In other words, international law has now become a significant reality. Nations have in fact during the last twenty years done what private citizens have previously done within geographical areas. They may not any longer be judges in their own disputes and have begun to subordinate themselves to an external law and to transfer the right to use force from the sovereign national unit to the corporate whole, which is now world-wide.

This act of renunciation is one of the most fundamental events which has ever occurred in history,

and it definitely involves a new meaning for the word patriotism. This development has fortunately occurred exactly at the moment when the new needs of society in an individualistic age require the substitution of some new outward authority to replace those which are being rejected. Nations are now faced by a conflict of two deep instincts, the desire for safety and the love of sovereignty. History is the record of how stage by stage first individuals and then nations have sought to harmonise these two instinctive passions. The issue that now confronts us is : Are we willing to allow the process to continue or shall we prefer to smash civilisation in the narrowing modern world which is dominated by scientific power ?

This means that patriotism can no longer be what it was. Hitherto it has been a service by the individual citizen to his country in order to dominate other countries, and thereby to restrain the patriotism of those other nations and to restrict their freedom. This we may no longer do by law. In so far as we have still the right to rule over certain subject-races or minorities as existing at the time of the signature of the Covenant of the League, the new law goes on to provide methods for changing the *status quo.* It insists, however, that any such change should in future be peaceful and not forcible.

Since nations may no longer be aggressive, they ought to obey international corporate law, and since they may no longer restrict each other's liberty, they and their citizens must find an outlet for the emotion of patriotic pride in superior service to their sister nations rather than in superior power. This will

mean that Britain, for instance, will have to prove herself to be the best nation in so far as she makes the finest contribution to the common weal and in so far as she stimulates the development of this new world-law and the honouring of these new obligations better than her sister nations, by working through the common order we have all voluntarily created.

Thus the new patriotism will prove beneficent, if it continues to provide an outlet for altruism, and if it is able to intensify the enrichment of the world instead of seeking to restrict one nation thereof for the arrogant satisfaction of another.

There is a further reason which calls urgently for this reinterpretation of patriotism so that it may come to signify a contribution to a common need in place of the old idea of one nation using superior power to strike at the liberty and development of its sister countries. This reason is a purely technical one. The modern world has become very much narrowed in size and interlocked in its daily habits owing to the inventions of science. Before the introduction of machinery, and when the population of each nation was comparatively small, it was possible for each national unit, if it so desired, to live unto itself alone. In so far as it made international contacts under those circumstances, they were mostly acts of aggrandisement. But in the machine age of science, and now that most of the world's geography has been allocated, there is no elbow room for domination or destructive competition. Any attempt in the small world of to-day to behave in this fashion is bound to lead to war and to a " catch-as-catch-can " attempt to get possession of the resources of the world

upon which the scientific mechanical needs of every nation depend.

When, for instance, Francis Drake carried the British flag into the far corners of an undiscovered world, his success in bringing back silver and gold and a few luxury raw materials did not seriously interfere with the happiness of other countries. But now, when it has become vitally necessary for all nations to have raw materials such as rubber and oil in order to enable industries to produce the goods that are needed by their congested populations, any attempt to be exclusively patriotic in the old sense must result in an injury to the lives of other countries.

Thus science compels a reconsideration of the meaning of patriotism and is an additional reason for causing us to reinterpret it, so that it may signify a contribution to a common stock instead of domination for each nation's advantage. The purpose of patriotism under these new circumstances must therefore be :

(*a*) To provide a method by which law can be built up, order maintained and changes effected in the relationship of nations to each other by peaceful means instead of by anarchic force.

(*b*) To increase the happiness of the world, and therefore, the well-being and safety of each national unit by economic co-operation rather than aggressive competition.

(*c*) To make sure that the rule of the road is kept during a period in history when there is infinitely more hustling inter-communication between nations than has ever been the case before.

We must in consequence find an outlet for love of country which will cause it to seem a glorious achievement for each nation to contribute to the common good and to seem evil to think in terms of egocentric national advantage.

If under modern conditions the old conception of patriotism were to continue as an outlet for national pride in dominating other countries, then the whole future of civilisation will be imperilled. The twentieth century world is, in fact, faced by a new need and by a very formidable peril. We have been compelled by circumstances which came to a head in the World War to seek each our own safety by the creation of a world machinery of government. We have all voluntarily contracted to do this in legalised form through the League of Nations. There must, therefore, in future be a patriotic competition to make this new machinery operate successfully, for if it should fail to do so, the whole of civilisation will most certainly crash. Consequently, we must compete together for the glory of putting most into the common stock instead of taking most out.

It is not easy to persuade everybody either that these changes have come about, or that this new attitude must be adopted. I am contributing to this symposium as a Socialist, and am, therefore, glad that the Labour Party has in such practical fashion adopted an international programme, which is built upon the obligations which Great Britain has accepted under the Covenant of the League of Nations. And yet I find Lord Hailsham, who is, I am sure, a loyal supporter of the League, describing this Labour Party programme as unpatriotic. He cannot have thought

the subject out with any thoroughness if he really believes this, but the fact that his mind reacts in such a fashion to this new conception, shows the need for persuasive and sympathetic explanations of the new situation to which sixty nations have committed themselves by voluntary contract.

I think a vivid illustration of the new patriotism is the best method of making its significance clear. Many of us, when reading our history books, are thrilled by the drama of great historical events in some of which our country has proved the most successful nation. To show how this drama could still be continued under the new conception of patriotism, let us imagine the history books of the future in which we may find both the dramatic story of the Congress of Vienna and then an equally dramatic description of some congress at Geneva.

At Vienna we read of statesmen and soldiers trying with great pomp, and sometimes by infinitely ingenious intrigue, to parcel out Europe, so that they may return to receive the plaudits of their respective countries for having been most successful in extracting something out of that Congress for themselves. But let us envisage the other kind of Congress, which must now take place. It meets in the full blaze of modern publicity, which enables almost every citizen in the world to watch the proceedings through the cinema, over the wireless and in the Press. The statesmen, as they assemble in the great Congress Hall, are being watched by hundreds of millions of ordinary men and women who are anxious to be relieved of poverty, and eager to be saved from the terrible dangers which they know are latent in the

explosive power of modern science. For the first time this world-public is fully aware of the opportunities of safety and happiness which are available to them. The citizens of every country now know that there is no longer any block in the road towards their personal happiness, which is attributable to ignorance or to inability to cope with their problems. They realise that the world is at last able to produce all the goods they need, and they remember that their fathers died in millions in a war which was meant to end war.

Each statesman from each nation, inspired by the new patriotism, will therefore enter that Congress Hall intent upon earning honour and glory by making proposals which shall remove terror and take advantage of this great opportunity. Indeed I believe it is an indisputable fact that nothing now stands in the way of the achievement of human welfare except reluctance on the part of the nations to propose to each other the practical methods of co-operation that could instantly lead to the desired results. All that is now called for is an exercise of imaginative will-power by some great nation, which had become intensely alive to the achievements that are within reach if dynamic leadership were offered.

Which nation then will make the most helpful suggestions for the building up of world law? Which nation will suggest the most workmanlike scheme for exploiting the riches of the modern world for distribution for the common good? Who will propose the most effective way of securing a universal reduction of the hours of labour so that millions of workers may have leisure and security? Who will make the

wisest proposals for common research to combat disease and make the world more healthy ? Who will suggest international methods of swift, unobstructed transit so that the greatest marvel of modern science —aviation—may carry the citizens of all the nations to enjoy the beauties of the world and bring the wealth of every continent for the advantage of us all ?

If the nation which was to enter this Congress Hall in order to do these things were to be the British nation, I cannot but think that our children would read the history of such an event with as much excitement as they do the record of the intrigues at Vienna, when Foreign Ministers scored points off each other as they distributed unwilling racial minorities to become the subject citizens of the first-class powers.

Either patriotism must come to mean something of this kind or civilisation must indeed perish. Such a philosophy is not only a practical necessity if the world is to become happier, but it is also the only method now left to us, by which the instinct of service outwards from ourselves can be sustained in an age when otherwise individualism will hurl us back into anarchy and tyranny.

This new patriotism need not, and must not, involve cosmopolitanism, requiring the elimination of all national differences and leaving us with a drab level of similarity. It can mean, and it should mean, a heightening of the characteristics and culture we are proud to associate with each nation's personality. It must enable the enrichment of national individuality to continue and develop.

But if we turn our backs upon the new patriotism, then it may be written as a tragic commentary on

this age of power, that love of country was the greatest curse invented by man, because it insisted upon nations looking outwards from their frontiers for the selfish purpose of destroying the rights of others, and so causing them in the end to destroy themselves.

SCIENTIST

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PATRIOTISM ! I do not know whether to fear, love, or hate that word. I fear lest a noble expression of self-sacrifice should be degraded into national selfishness. I hate to think that a major cause of evolutionary progress should be reduced to the lowest denominator of flags, drums—and distant oil wells.

Science is so illogical—or rather the human interpretation of scientific thought is so confused in this branch of local progress which we call patriotism. It seems strange that in a world where the greatest truths depend upon opinion and where scarcely a day passes without our ignorance being rendered all too plain, so many human beings should suffer from national "sureness". To the normal man it is natural that he should be proud of the land which gave him birth. Generations have been trained upon this principle, no doubt with the primary object that an anti-fear complex will be created and that in times of war their courage should be increased by self-conscious superiority.

In modern times the struggle for existence in the midst of troubled peace is perhaps more vicious, if more slow, than that of any war ; and as a common result we are all faced by a most embarrassing

problem. Are we to fight other nations as bitterly as we fight each other? Are we to bask in simple contentment with a united front against the rest of humanity, or are we to become internationalised with a smile of contempt at the old-fashioned barriers of a few miles of sea and air?

Alliances I regard as half-hearted humbug. They provide bargaining grounds for political intrigue and opportunities for a country's representatives to engage in a war of wits against the very people for whom they profess undying love. The facts of the position, if such exist, are fairly clear. Nature's principle is one of ruthless competition, in so far as we can know by casual observation. And all observation must be casual for the excellent reason that we are still utterly savage under a veneer of civilisation so thin that the absence of a good dinner, or an ill-tempered woman can, and often does, decide the fate of a nation.

Now if this is true—look at your claw-like nails, your dog teeth and your fish-like throats if you doubt it—patriotism is a most logical and necessary thing. That it causes wars, famine and misery is equally true; that the best brains in the country are encouraged and lauded chiefly for their skill in discovering new methods of killing the citizens of other nations is obvious. It is a part of nature's scheme and it is the evolutionary method whereby countless centuries have made beasts from the slime into mankind. I believe that what I must call competitive jealousy is essential in our half-baked and very physical world. A world so crude that a few hundred years ago we burned witches and swore

that the horse could never be superseded. So crude to-day that we are full of atavistic memories, terribly like monkeys in our habits or morals, and usually oblivious to the one fact of which we can be sure, that change is everlastingly the greatest part of our existence.

We shall laugh at our ancestors in a few years. It will require untold centuries before technical methods of intercommunication, flying, radio, and perhaps even thought transference, cause the distances which give nationality to be eliminated. Countless æons must pass before intermarriage overcomes the barriers which climate has created, for I believe no one can dispute that temperature is one of the greatest of all causes of specialisation.

Our whole principle of civilised progress is based upon nature's " examination " for fitness of body and mind. We choose our leaders by competitive tests of the most cruel type, we train our young people by the perpetual folly of " papers " set most carefully to trick the unwary so that they may be cast into the outer darkness of the " lower grades without pension ". Children are taught that fire burns. There is scarcely any crime, I will not say against law, but certainly against moral love, that does not carry its own penalty of ultimate disease, and of a weeding-out which is as ruthless, at first sight, as a page of the Old Testament. Given materialism run riot it would be foolish to help the " unlucky " ; the very word is reminiscent of paganism ; it would be far better to kill the sick and to turn all broken peoples into slaves for the conquering few.

Unfortunately one factor is missed by those who sneer at patriotic fervour and pose as experts in "brotherly love". They argue that time is of no account, forgetting that it is the only effect that exists at all, and from this they pass airily to prove that Hindoos, Moslems, Chinese, Malays, Germans, French and English are precisely the same in their innermost lives. They are not! Neither can they be for the next few million years. Not until they are indistinguishable in blood, colour, education and even by the memory of their inheritance. Why, it was only yesterday that England and Scotland were at war, and would we say now that there is no struggle between these two very close relatives? It was trains, telephones, and marriage, that cured civil war in this country. Not a sense of overwhelming love.

We dare to talk of sporting friendship between nations when the simplest game of ball may cause a riot of bloodshed and when the whole purpose of pastimes in history was a training in peace for efficiency or strength in time of war. We are quite civilised enough to value brutality in all sport in the nineteenth century. I am convinced that popular drawings, quarterings and hangings would be immensely popular nowadays for exactly the same reason that we rely upon brute force today as much or more than in the day of the Crusades. We choose police for strength; they are armed with muscles, if not with guns, and are not selected for their capacity in debate. At bedrock we do know that the wealth of our homes and that of our country alike is dependent upon maintenance of the standards of finance

by the same means as were employed to achieve them in the first instance.

England has not reached her position by a policy of weakness or by saying " I am sorry to trouble you ". By patriotism and its principles we earn our daily bread. Pray Heaven—yes, we are still quite wondering in hope that this may be true—pray Heaven it will always be possible for us to remember what patriotism should mean. It is not indicated by a fat man on a horse lumbering after a wretched fox, or by an emasculated female chasing a still more pathetic deer. Not even by a beery collection of " sportsmen " at a coursing match, or a screaming audience of bastard foreigners at a prize fight. To me, I like to think of the man who patiently mends the road, who loves and lives for the machines which have made our country supreme. Of women in one little room with six babies, a surly husband and a leaking roof.

I think that determination and patriotism are almost one. And I believe that true science is the greatest leader of all. Nations live by science to-day. Every comfort we have, every pleasure and every means whereby we are developing our brains at the cost of our bodies, these are all science. These are all things which can maintain patriotism without bitterness and which are capable of helping forward international progress to the day when competition is more equal.

I think that no sane person can fail to recognise that fair and evenly matched warfare cannot readily take place. One does not willingly attack those whom we respect and it is respect that a love of

science can bring to the world. We do not sneer at a battleship, a soldier, or a successful admiral. It is the failure at whom we laugh because they have failed to pass their "examination". In our heart of hearts we think that we could have done better, and we do not want to lose that chance of victory, however small.

That is sport. We want to feel that there is opportunity, not that we are a cog in some horrible robot which cannot ever wear out. So it must be to thought and its result that we look for patriotism as distinct from the brand which ignorantly says: "I will kill you all before you kill me". We do not yet know the meaning of thought, nor its cause, nor its effect. We have scarcely achieved the very glimmerings of spiritual life, we are still breeding and testing in the laboratory of international discovery where anything from a racehorse to a cure for cancer may be developed. That we suffer from abysmal ignorance in the light of modern scientific learning is the greatest discovery of all. It has stultified repetitive research and has almost married science to religion. Our hopes for the future are based primarily upon our experiences that matter and energy are indestructible. By the lesson that constructive thought is more lasting than all else. For nothing can remain without change.

So patriotism need not depend upon the folly that all men are equal. That production in China must synchronise with production in Timbuctoo or that Jones and Smith must each perform the same duty while receiving an identical reward. Such madness is contrary to the law of life as we can see it for every

moment of our conscious being. Patriotism need no longer depend upon that cool assumption, useful as it was in the past and profitable as it is to us now, that Britannia rules the waves ; or that it is noble to kill a foreigner under any circumstances whatsoever. All honour to those who believed it to be true for they were students in a realm of thought where we ourselves have proved quite unable to graduate. I believe in patriotism of thought if it can help every one of us to grasp the futility of certainty and the lamentable ignorance that each nation should strive unceasingly to conquer.

THE SERVICES

ADMIRAL MARK KERR, C.B., M.V.O.

Admiral Mark Kerr, C.B., M.V.O.

PATRIOTISM implies the placing of the good of one's country before one's own personal interests. It is an investment that pays a good dividend, which is what many people fail to realise, for as a country advances in commerce and common sense, so in exact proportion does the employment of its people go up, doles disappear, and all families become financially and morally better off.

The unit of the population of a country is the family, and it must be apparent that an ideal family, where all are unselfish, will prosper more than one where certain members are only looking out for their own good and are neglectful of the welfare of the others ; and that those countries that have more patriotism than others will also lead in the race for world prosperity.

The education of the children in patriotism is an absolute necessity, and the need of it should be taught in all schools. This fact has been shown in the history of Japan, which country gives a lead to the world in the unselfishness of its children and people.

Although patriotism must be made to flourish in peace-time even more than in wartime, yet perhaps the best examples, because they are more dramatic, can be given of events that have occurred in war. Here are two true tales of incidents which happened during the Japanese Civil War about seventy years

ago. The first one is about a child of the Samurai or nobles, and the second concerns a son of the peasantry ; but both of them show the extraordinary education in patriotism that the Japanese receive from their earliest youth.

One of the great lords, or daimyos, of one side had in a battle captured a man whom he believed to be his enemy daimyo, and at once had him beheaded. Shortly afterwards they caught the young son, aged eight years, and in order to make certain whether they had beheaded the right man, they placed the head on a small table and brought the boy into the room suddenly and without warning, and confronted him with it. Instantly it flashed across the child's brain why he had been brought in, and he saw through their plan and how he could defeat it. Drawing himself up and saluting, he then kow-towed before the head, and drawing out his little sword, he committed hara-kiri. It was *not* his father, but naturally from the boy's behaviour and death they felt certain it was, and so gave up the pursuit and the daimyo escaped.

Thus the Samurai. Now for the peasant.

At the outbreak of the Revolution a man was working temporarily in the province of a neighbouring daimyo who had declared war against the daimyo of the district from which the peasant had come, and consequently he was imprisoned. Having been victorious, the victors took the man along with them to identify any members of the opposite feudal reigning family who might fall into their hands. Some were caught and some escaped, but one lad of about nine or ten years old, a son of the defeated

prince, could not be accounted for, and the search was carefully conducted all over the conquered countryside, in hopes that he would be found. One day the search party with the prisoner arrived at a school, and the master was sent for and examined. He confessed that a new pupil had come to him the day before, who was evidently of the very highest class. He was ordered to bring him out, and then the prisoner peasant was asked to state if he knew who he was. " Yes ", he replied, " it is the son of my Lord ". The child's head was promptly cut off, and the peasant was then released and allowed to go to his own home. As he walked up the hill to a little cottage amongst the trees, an anxious, sad-eyed woman who had been watching for him came out and stood in the doorway. With bowed head he passed her, and as he did so, with a shaky voice he murmured : " Mother, our son has been allowed to be of use to our Lord ".

They had given their son, and they had spent all their savings in buying the silk kimono and clothes as well as the two swords of a member of the Samurai ! Patriotism cannot rise higher.

When I was in Japan in 1898, I heard from Dr. Paul, an English doctor at Nagasaki, many more stories of the patriotism shown by the Japanese people, which had come under his observation during the many years he had been there, both in peace and in war. He was, I found, the only European who was allowed to go to the front with the army during the war against China, on account of his long stay in Japan and of the good he had done as a doctor to the people of Nagasaki ; and his long experience

had proved, to him, that Japanese patriotism was the greatest in the world.

I recollect hearing, when I was in Japan in 1881, that punishments were unknown in the Japanese Services, as if any man committed an offence he was told that he had not done as his Emperor would wish, on which the rest of the ship's company treated him as an outcast.

It has already been pointed out that unselfishness in families assists to produce unselfishness in nations, and that unselfishness is the spirit that spells patriotism. But patriotism should not exclude thought of other nations, and attempts to see their point of view. Unselfishness must come in in this matter also, and as patriotism in a country pays, as has been shown, a good dividend, it should certainly be taught to all people, young and old, of all nations, that great benefits will arise from seeing the point of view of the populations of other lands, because understanding (of others) is the seed from which the Tree of Peace will grow, and the fruit of that tree is Prosperity.

It is in order to cultivate the virtue of seeing the other fellow's point of view that the League of Nations came into being, where men of all countries can meet and face each other around a table ; and if each of the countries represented can be taught from childhood the enormous increase in prosperity which will come to every country in the world by the prevention of war, the dividend which each country will be paid will be greater even than that which is paid to the individual as a result of his patriotism in his own land.

There are certain organisations which have been

started in the present century which assist at this understanding, and which do not at all interfere with the patriotism of each member to his own country. First of all we will put the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, because they start their teaching when their members are still children. Great international meetings, jamborees, as they are called, when Scouts and Guides of many countries camp together, work and play together, and above all talk together, bring up the youth of their organisations to understand that human nature is very much the same in all countries, and this has an extraordinary effect on their outlook of life when they grow up. The consequence of this is already being felt in Great Britain, perhaps more than in other countries, because of the insularity in which we used to live, and move, and have our being.

The next great international movement for the good of the world is Rotary. This was started in Chicago twenty-six years ago, and celebrated its coming of age in 1930 in the town where it was born. It started purely as a business-men's international club, but it grew and blossomed into an international fellowship, and all ideas of profit or profiteering left it. It has branches in nearly every country in the world, and the Patron is nearly always the Sovereign or the President of the country, or a member of its Royal family.

It was a wonderful thing to listen to the speeches made in Chicago in 1930, when the speakers of the different countries were addressing the huge gathering of Rotarians, and all of them doing their best to offer some method of drawing countries together in friendship, and to suggest a means for creating the outlawry

of war ; and at the dinners and other functions which took place, all the conversations were conducted as talks between friends and fellow-countrymen amongst the peoples of over sixty nations who were represented at this great meeting. It clearly showed the possibility that one day the patriotism of different countries could be merged into the patriotism of the world, even as the patriotism of families can be extended to form the patriotism of a country.

There is always a danger of people looking upon patriotism alone from the warlike point of view, and it is most important that youth should be taught that patriotism in peacetime is even more valuable than it is in wartime although, as has been pointed out, the stories of the latter are more dramatically attractive than those of the former ; for it is a fact that it is much easier to feel and show one's love of country in the hectic times of battle, and so it is extremely important that youth should be instructed in the way in which he or she can best serve his or her country by unselfish common sense in the piping times of peace ; and as a large proportion of the human race like to know that from any system they will probably gain advantages, it should be emphatically shown that good dividends will accrue to them and their families if they are not narrowly " country-selfish " in the times of peace.

There is no doubt that pride in one's country is a virtue. It helps one to " play the game " with foreigners. An inferiority complex with regard to one's country will gradually lead the individual on the downward path, from which it is very difficult to escape. Teachers of youth should show first of all

the good points of the national character and conduct, and then point out in what things other countries are ahead of one's own, and the improvements which can be made by imitating the foreigner in such matters in which they are ahead of us. National pride is a different thing from conceit. The former is an incentive, but the latter is a curse which eventually destroys the moral insight of the individual.

Next we will quote some apposite sayings by wide-thinking people. Miss Haldane, in her book on " Scotland " says : " We want to be National only in so far as that enables us to be International, and we cannot be International without first being a Nation ".

Dr. Inge says : " Like other idealisms, patriotism varies from a noble devotion to a moral lunacy ", and again : " These emotions of loyalty are by no means to be checked or despised. In spiritual things there is no conflict between intensity and expansion. The deepest sympathy is also potentially the widest. He who loves not his home and country which he has seen, how shall he love humanity in general which he hath not seen ? "

Now let us step across the Channel and read the words of Bergson, a Frenchman, who writes : " If to know each other perfectly is not necessarily to love each other, at least it prevents us from hating each other. We were able to see this during the late War. Many a Frenchman who was a Professor of German, was as patriotic as any other Frenchman, as ready to give his life, as hostile to Germany. But it was not quite the same thing. One corner of his heart remained reserved. He who knows thoroughly the

language and literature of a nation cannot be wholly its enemy. This should be remembered when educationalists are asked to prepare an understanding between nations. The mastery of a foreign language, in rendering possible the fertilisation of the spirit by the corresponding literature and civilisation, can destroy with one blow the barriers set up by nature against the foreigner in general ".

To quote again from the same philosopher :

" The ancients well knew patriotism ; they worshipped their country, and it was one of their poets who said that it was sweet to die for her. But there is a long way from this attachment to their City—a group still placed under the protection of a God who will assist her in battle—to the patriotism which is a virtue of peace as well as of war, which may be tinged with mysticism, but which is utterly disinterested, which extends over a great country and inspires a whole nation, which draws to itself what is best in the souls of men, which has grown slowly, piously, from memories and hopes, from poetry and love, with a little of all the spiritual virtues, like honey drawn from all the flowers. There had to be an emotion as high, as mystical as this, to supersede an instinct as powerful as the selfishness of the tribe."

Patriotism is the love of one's country. Philosophy is the love of Wisdom. Most surely each of these virtues should be a complement of the other. We want our country to be happy and prosperous, and to be this it must work in peace and friendship with other foreign lands, for war has shown everyone that it is the forerunner of a fatal collapse in both trade

and prosperity. Countries that go to war have to supply men who are taken from their ordinary manufacturing and agricultural callings. Factories of goods (required in peacetime as well as wartime) are turned into manufactories for the supply of arms and munitions of war ; and when the war is over and the men of the armed Services who are left alive return to their homes, they find that neutral countries have taken over the manufacture of the goods they used to make, and are also growing the agricultural produce that they formerly used to grow, and that there is no work for them, and the demoralising palliative of the dole comes into being. Then another destructive factor arises caused by the over-production of some articles and under-production of others, and consequently the old trade routes have to be altered all over the world, and to be deflected into new channels.

Is it not evident that the above facts of philosophy should be impressed on the minds of young and old in order to show how true patriotism should include the helping of the country to avoid war—without loss of chivalry or uprightness—and that in order to do this everyone should seek to understand the feelings and patriotism of other nations, and bring themselves to see their point of view?

Having tried to show the way that the Internationalisation of patriotism can be accompanied by knowing, understanding, and by speaking the languages of other countries, let us consider what is the chief opponent of this ideal. Undoubtedly it is Fear. Not only does Fear (pedigree : by " Suspicion " out of " Ignorance ") start wars between

human races, but it is also the direct cause of fights and attacks between animals and human beings. Men have been known to live in jungles amongst lions, leopards, and other four-legged animals, and with reptiles and birds all around them, on the most friendly terms ; and all this peace comes from the fact that animals know that these humans are not afraid of them. Except for the purpose of filling their stomachs, animals are only goaded to attack other beasts or men by Fear springing up inside them. When we do away with Fear in all living things, then wars will cease and patriotism will eventually become an international virtue.

It should be apparent to everyone that patriotism is not merely a virtue, but is primarily what is called " good business ", and that it is to the advantage of everyone that it should be encouraged in, and taught to, the youth of the nation, in order to explain to them that patriotism has to grow up *internationally* for the benefit of the world.

It must be pointed out to them that Pessimists and Sceptics are the obstructionists who put clogs in the machinery of the world's recovery and advancement ; if they had controlled the world in the past, trains, motor cars, aircraft, and wireless would never have come into being ; while hydrophobia, cancer, tuberculosis, malaria, and many other diseases would have devastated the world ; and at the same time duelling, torture, and the Inquisition would still be the methods used for settling disputes and extracting information from witnesses.

Let each one therefore do his best for his country and the world at large by instructing and leading

youth up the Path of Optimism which will eventually bring them to the goal that every right-minded person hopes that his country will one day reach, and which may be named: The Palace of Peace and Patriotism.

THE SERVICES

MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.

Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.

LOVE of country cannot in itself be an evil, because love is the creative spirit of this world. It is the greatest of realities and the greatest of mysteries ; how, then, comes it that patriotism has fallen upon such evil days? The answer to this question is an exceedingly simple and common-sense one, an answer which each of my readers could give and yet an answer which I doubt whether anyone of them has ever given, and the answer is this : Love is an individual and not a collective attribute ; it is something which must begin in a minority of one, and which reaches its highest development in a majority of two ; consequently it can never be created by a multitude or developed by a mass of people. As a man in love with a woman cannot share his love with other men, neither can a man who is in love with his country divide his affection with his fellow-countrymen. It is because patriotism has been regimented and standardised that it has become an evil force, and this I will now prove by briefly examining its history.

Where does patriotism begin? Where all human love begins : in the home and thence it wanders to the village and the city. It is man's fear of the unknown which warms his affection for his immediate surroundings—his farm or his fields, his means of

existence, the things he has put his life into and which in return enable him to live. In its most primitive form patriotism is economic, an attachment to the land, literally as mother earth, just as love in its most elementary form is physical—an attachment to flesh because of its attractiveness. It is not only a natural affection but also a compulsory one ; animal man must live, and if he is deprived of his food he will fight, not only for his country, but for himself, his hearth and his home. Though crude there is nothing evil in this, because as living is man's first concern, in an uncultured society his first duty is towards himself ; only when culture creeps in does patriotism creep out of its essentially animal form.

As civilisation is established man's horizon expands and the conception of country begins to grow. The area of the unknown is pushed farther and farther afield ; economic necessities give way to æsthetic longings : beauty is appreciated, virtues are sorted from vices, order emerges from disorder, and finally the greatness of a city, or a community, is judged not so much by its size or strength as by its worth. Language now plays a great part in cementing affections. Whoever speaks the same tongue is straightway looked upon as a fellow-countryman, and as Jacob Grimm once said : " A people is an aggregate of individuals speaking the same language. This is at once the most pardonable and the proudest statement we Germans can make, for it points with unmistakable certainty to linguistic frontiers prevailing over arbitrarily erected divisions ". In fact the true patriotic divisions of mankind are linguistic and

not historical, or geographical, or political. Wherever Italian is spoken there the Italian flag ought to fly, and so with French and English and German ; for language is the most practical and consequently the least artificial test of nationality. Language is, therefore, the great " patriotiser ", the great stimulator of the national cult and, therefore, the great divider of the peoples of the world. Were there a universal tongue, there would be one people, as was largely the case in Europe throughout the Middle Ages, when Latin was the common speech of all educated men.

In those days peoples did not exist as nations, for nations are a purely modern conception. There was but one great community called Christendom held together by the symbol of the Church. " Keep yourselves in the love of God " was the foundation of the patriotism of those ages, and when it took local forms they were not politic but heroic ; the sweetness of France is sung of in the *Chanson de Roland* and the heroism of British heroes is chanted throughout the Arthurian legend. There was a universalism, true, but as yet no nationalism or internationalism ; patriotism was still individual, a private and not a public concern. It taught man how to appreciate righteousness and valour, as well as generosity and humility. What was good was common to all people and what was bad was to be condemned. The patriotism of each individual was concentrated on the Church or on the King, it was in no sense self-conscious or abstract, it was close and tangible, because it was universal and undifferentiated. If the King went to war the people followed him, if

the Church issued an edict the people obeyed. Though superstition and brutality were common characteristics of those ages, they were common property and in no way did they divide the peoples.

The first great change which took place in the conception of patriotism came with the Reformation, that is when the peoples of Europe began to awaken into self-consciousness, and introspection crept into their daily lives. Patriotism then passed from a sentiment into a word, which could be repeated by many lips and which through repetition became the same thing to all men. The second great change came with the French Revolution, which destroyed the power of Kings and by undermining the authority of the Church materialised the word, using it as an implement to upheave all that was neurotic and animal in the lower orders of Society. Patriotism now passes from its aristocratic form into its democratic form ; it ceases entirely to be an individual feeling. Instead it becomes a mob emotion, which is non-existent until it is aroused, and when aroused sweeps each individual into the mob and obliterates his better understanding.

Without the patriotism engendered by the Revolution, Napoleon would never have been heard of, for it was the motive power of his armies and his main contribution to the art of war was that he was the first soldier to canalise it on the grand scale. By it he impelled his armies over the Alps, through the German forests and across the Russian plains. It was patriotism which was the " steam-power " of his military machine ; all he did was to open and close the throttle.

It was the French Revolution which liberated this terrible jinn, and though after Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo the nations of Europe attempted to coax the spirit of mass emotionalism back into its ancient bottle and cast it into the ocean of royal authority, no coaxing could persuade it to obey. It was free and on its freedom was the nineteenth century founded. Then in the name of patriotism revolution followed revolution. We are sometimes told by the historian that for forty years after Napoleon's fall Europe was at peace. If by peace is meant the absence of great international conflicts, that is true ; but if the absence of all conflict it is certainly otherwise, for between 1815 and 1850 Europe was rent asunder by revolutions, and the same spirit which had driven the French Revolutionary armies forward to the liberation of the world, drove the peoples of Europe forward towards their individual liberations. To be a patriot was to be a revolutionary, to be a revolutionary was to be a nationalist ; the nation took the place of God and patriotism became the self-worship of the nations.

Once nations are formed what do we find ? That the spirit which has created them has also separated them ; that whilst in former days Europe had been one great community of peoples worshipping one God and held together by a common culture, it is now a diversity of many nations each worshipping itself and relying upon its patriotism to sustain it ; patriotism now definitely becomes a political commodity. More and more emotional and sensational and mercenary does it grow. Then it is capitalised

by the Press and a new alchemy is devised ; the newspapers becoming alembics in which the sentiments of the masses are literally distilled and transmuted into gold. The lowest human instincts are appealed to and stimulated, because they are the most common ; patriotism now definitely returns to its primitive animal form.

As an example, compare the great eighteenth century wars with those which followed in the nineteenth century. In the former, as it has been said, wars were little more than " political chess ". The Kings were the players and their soldiers the pieces, and as to the masses of the peoples they took no direct part in it and on the whole displayed very little interest in the proceedings. Losses in battle meant little to them, because soldiers were normally recruited from the scum of Society, and had they not died on the battlefield, in all probability they would have died on the gallows. Armies were small ; normally destruction was not great, and usually a severe defeat meant a closing down of the game and an honourable settlement of losses and gains. War was in fact distinctly a gentlemanly affair. But in 1870 and after, what do we find ? Shrieking politicians, yelling mobs, sentiment, emotion, abuse, lying and ferocity. Nothing can be too bad for the enemy and nothing too good for one's own side. From a gentlemanly pastime war has become an insane gamble, and as the enemy has been blackened into a fiend, a fiend which must be destroyed, wars become unlimited in their object. Patriotism now passes into its cancerous form of jingoism, a word

which a music-hall song brought into popular favour in 1874.

Jingoism has nothing to do with right or wrong, for in substance it is uncontrolled emotionalism, in which individual freedom and reasoning are suffocated by the herd spirit. Jingoism is moral panic, its sole object being to stimulate action at the expense of reflection. By means of it the masses are thrown back on their animal instincts and are rendered not only fanatical and brutal but pliant to their exploiters.

The years 1900-1914 constitute a period of mass intoxication. Like accumulators the multitudes are charged with the electricity of hatred, the newspapers being the cables which connect them to the power-houses of national policy. In June, 1914, a faulty contact, a mere accident, sent the flame of war circling through Europe and at once the engines of hatred are switched on and the war becomes uncontrolled and uncontrollable. There can be no end to it, except through the annihilation of one side or the other; consequently fighting loses all reason; it becomes a wanton and a senseless destruction. During it we see two great campaigns waged. The first is between soldier and soldier, in which true patriotism still triumphs through loyalty, courage and self-sacrifice. The second is between Government and Government, in which jingoism pollutes all it touches: the engines of hatred are switched on and the politicians intoxicate the civilian populations with madness. Whilst the soldiers kill bodies, the politicians and their demented herds of followers kill souls. Their object is to vilify and render their

enemies odious, not only in the name of their respective countries but in the name of civilisation. For instance, Harnack, a noted theologian, proclaims that Englishmen are traitors to civilisation, and Haeckel, a world-renowned scientist, that they are the greatest criminals in the history of the world. What are England's replies? That the Germans nail babies to the doors of barns and boil down the corpses of their dead to obtain substitutes for butter and margarine!

At length comes peace, so-called, for after such a conflict there can be no peace in the rational meaning of the word. Reason, and with it truth and justice, have been destroyed, and emotionalism, wrongly called patriotism, has developed into a deep-seated neurosis, a malignant international disease which renders a just peace impossible. The treaties in no way settle the war, for they are ultimatums of vengeance. The League of Nations is established as grand inquisitor, and is furnished with instruments whereby the victors can continue to rack the vanquished.

Thus we arrive at the world of to-day; a world reduced to economic chaos not so much by the destruction wrought in the War as by the immoralities which were perpetrated during it. It is not the physical activities of this conflict which have caused this wreck, but the moral activities. John Maynard Keynes has said: "All the houses destroyed in France and Belgium were not more than the normal building programme of a year or two in Western Europe, and the injury to their railways was far less than a year's new construction in an epoch of

railway development". That great though the damage caused by the War appeared to be, it was in actual fact insignificant. It is consequently its moral, or rather immoral, side which should attract our attention, and to the masses of mankind this side is represented by what we call patriotism.

What the world requires to-day is a new rendering of this word. Not a return to the patriotism of the savage, that is to the patriotism of economic necessity, because productive power is daily rendering such a return unnecessary. Instead a return to the old spirit of chivalry adapted to the circumstances which now surround us. To *noblesse oblige*, and to a patriotism of wisdom and of generosity ; a patriotism founded on truth and not on lies, on facts and not on fictions, and on the courage of humility and not on the cowardice of arrogance.

As the great Goethe once said : "The barriers of nationality are vanishing before knowledge and art", so to-day are they vanishing before that universal national solvent—science, which is not only linking the nations together physically but intellectually. Science is not national, neither is it international, because it is universal. The post, the telegraph, wireless, the printed word, the railway, steamships and aeroplanes are daily uniting the nations and making them more and more one. Whilst the great sciences—chemistry, astronomy, medicine, mathematics, etc. — are the common property of all.

Science is truly cosmopolitan, and in this age of science the entire world is assuming more and more the shape and constitution of a great city in which

each nation is occupying a street, streets of many houses and shops, each being necessary to each and all being necessary to all. Yet without the spirit of patriotism this city is but a city without a soul. What then should the patriotism of its citizens be ?

To each of us, patriotism is first of all a personal duty to ourselves and our families, not in order to render ourselves powerful but worthy to be individual citizens. Secondly, it is a duty to our fellow-countrymen, a duty based on justice and respect. Thirdly, it is duty to the world, a duty based not on justice only but also on self-interest, for the interest of the whole is necessary to the welfare of each individual part. It is a duty and not a right or a perquisite. That is, it is something that cannot properly exist unless it is properly performed, and to perform a duty full-heartedly one must be in love with what it represents.

To-day, when the world is in turmoil bordering upon chaos, our duty is to establish a prosperous and contented peace. This duty cannot be performed by Governments, that is by masses of men, unless each individual member who supports them is endowed with a sense of duty. Though one of our supreme duties is still to defend our country against would-be enemies, surely this duty can be best performed by so shaping our patriotism that we change our enemies into friends. To self-interest we must add self-sacrifice, reasonably and not hysterically, and when we learn to do so we shall have created a higher sense of patriotism than this world has as yet seen. A patriotism which will

bind all together in a common affection towards the true values of life. Thus shall we keep ourselves in the love of God through love of our fellow-men.

THE SERVICES

AIR-COMMODORE J. A. CHAMIER, C.B., C.M.G.,
D.S.O., O.B.E.

Air-Commodore J. A. Chamier, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B.E.

REGARDLESS of the lessons of history, heedless of the limitations of human nature, and reckless of their lack of technical experience, the highbrow theorists who profess internationalism strut noisily upon their platforms. Before they can erect the flimsy façades of their brave new world they must, so they believe, first clear the ground of all the old-fashioned virtues.

Of these patriotism most excites their hatred : it is, they hold, at the root of every war and of all industrial evils. Though love of country be no less natural than love of parents or of home, we must root up such feelings. History must be rewritten. That men deserved well of their country is nothing ; they must be judged by the standard of benefits conferred on mankind.

Yet mortal man must have something warmer than the stars to play with : his aims must be suited to his intelligence and to his feelings. Led by self-interest to better his own lot, and stimulated by patriotism to benefit his country, he may yet make advances which will spread among the Nations and will be of profit to the world.

As an example of the working of these natural laws, aviation is outstanding. Man, ever adventurous and anxious to conquer new worlds, has felt the urge to fly since the dawn of history ; the practical realisation

of mechanical flight in one continent was quickly followed by its adoption in every country of the world for purposes of peace or war. In the air the brotherhood of man has been re-established. War in the air was fought grimly but without savagery ; something of the spirit of chivalry survived. And post-War aviators meet on common grounds of fellowship. Governments have fostered aviation everywhere in the national interest, and it is well for the world that this should have come about.

Nature distributes her treasures of natural resources, and her moral and intellectual gifts unequally throughout the world ; by transportation and intercommunication they are spread to the benefits of mankind as a whole.

Aviation is physical communication in its speediest form, and communication is a great leveller—an international benefactor, without of necessity being internationalised. If every country had been enclosed in a ring fence without external communications the world would have been only half-way from savagery today : the conditions of darkest Africa or of Britons " in the woad " would be universal. It was not the theorists or internationalists who caused the advance ; it was the spread of races made exceptionally virile by climate or environment. The urge was patriotic or natural—the expression of a desire as a body for the individual acquisition of greater comfort ; the result was unmistakably an addition to the sum of human progress and human happiness.

At different distances along the path of civilisation we find the great trading nations of the world, intensely patriotic as they were, enriching their times

as well as themselves : China, India, Assyria and Egypt, Rome, Greece and Carthage, Venice and Spain, Holland, Portugal and France, and the English-speaking nations have all in their turn benefited the world from no conscious desire to do so but from patriotism. *Civis Romanus Sum* was the proudest boast of an ancient civilisation ; beside that pride *Civis Orbis Sum* would sound cold and meaningless.

In these days of an older and more civilised world the problem is less that of spread of knowledge than spread of understanding. Misunderstanding is bred of lack of contact. Even in the small area of the British Isles, the English fought the Scots for generations because the roadless hills restricted intercourse : inter-communication brought understanding. Ireland is still unfriendly because it is separated from England by an unpleasant stretch of sea. The English-speaking peoples split into two as a result of lack of sympathy arising out of physical separation. The North *v.* South struggle in America arose from different modes of thought which came from difference of climate and of living imperfectly recognised.

We must not think that the danger of such antagonisms, bred of a divergence of interests, will not recur in our days. The British Empire exists in the face of physical separation in every continent, and as the children have grown to manhood they have demanded and received self-government. No law binds them to the Mother Country ; the only tie is the bond of self-interest and that sentiment of patriotism. But physical separation may chafe the chords : aviation has come to draw them closer.

Ease of physical communications reinforces the ties of business and of sentiment, and the Empire will become a unity in thought as well as name.

The great territories of the United States of America present a similar problem. The interests and outlook of the middle west are not those of the east. The capital city is tucked away in the south-east corner of the country. The binding force of aviation reinforces the common spirit of the whole—a common interest in this great development renews the national spirit.

Good communications weave nations or Empires into patriotic wholes.

It is common to hear flight abused as a savage instrument of war, but wars are bred in a world where barriers of time and space are natural and are supplemented by man-made frontiers. In the air, time and space diminish and frontiers no longer exist. Flight is only starting to spread its wings and vision is required to recognise the impetus it may give to a better understanding between the peoples of the world. It is hardly yet accepted as something normal. City fathers rub their chins in doubt whether the traffic will ever justify an airport, as their forefathers might have debated the value of railway stations, docks and harbours. The pioneers of civilisation went out into the world and coming to a beautiful spot on the banks of some placid river wrote : " This will be the site of a village " ; a hundred years later the little settlement has grown into a city of sky-scrapers. And so it is with us to-day. In doubt we set aside a wide green space as a landing ground for aeroplanes ; we cannot see the hive of industry to which that airport will grow in times to come.

We, of the older generation, may have our natural fears of a new element, fears unshared by the eager youth growing up amongst us, but the progress which aviation can make and the benefits it can bring must be stimulated by some driving force. Patriotism can supply that drive, and it is entirely laudable that it should do so. It is right that each country should strive to perfect this new wonder according to its own need and own genius, and the sum of national patriotic progress will be the sum of the progress of the world.

Above all things, aviation is international; for even radio suffers under the handicap of tongues. A great air race has recently been flown in the British Empire and has been won by a British machine with British crew. But admiration for their achievement has not reduced by a word the praise which has been lavished on the team which ran into second place, an American-built machine flown by two fine Dutchmen. Had the winners come from France or Germany or Italy, congratulations would have been no less sincere.

Aviation is still an adventure, once the narrow paths as yet explored are left; and adventurers of all ages have been inspired by love of country. Our Bleriots, Alcocks, Lindberghs, Costes, Balbos or Earharts are the descendants of the great races from which sprang Christopher Columbus, Stanley, Peary, Nansen, and a host of explorers and adventurers, who wandered into the uncharted spaces of the world to the glory of their mother countries.

But patriotism is not concerned alone with the prosperity and progress of a country in peace; it must operate to ensure its security in war. Even

those countries with conscription for military service do not overlook the value of patriotic doctrines to stimulate the conscripts' ardour ; in the case of nations who depend on voluntary enlistment, patriotism alone must fill the ranks. It is perhaps but natural that the appeal begins to lose its power in a world where the pressure to secure a higher standard of living is so intense.

But, opportunely, aviation comes to the rescue of the somewhat enfeebled patriotism of the day, and reinforces it with all the adventure of the air. Tramping the barrack square to aid one's country may be unattractive ; the freedom of the air may appeal to all that is best in adventurous youth. For this reason, and from the trend of technical and scientific progress, we may predict that aviation will grow to the first line of national defence, and as such identified with patriotism in the public mind.

We are offered international organisation as an alternative to patriotism. With the practicability of this scheme in other spheres this essay is not concerned, but as regards aviation the substitution is quite unworkable. We may take no great pleasure in a world of national patriotic air forces ; we can have no trust at all in an international air police force. No international force can take action before the aggressor has been determined, and this is often a matter of months of investigation ; therefore no nation can rely for security on such a " delayed action " force. And when it does come into action, it can neither guarantee defence nor can it separate the combatants except by bludgeoning one side into submission. It was not for such violence that the League of Nations

was founded. Its role is to lead nations into the paths of peace.

We are given a glowing picture of how all that is best and noblest in the youth of the world will rush to join this great instrument of slaughter, that they will recognise that it is better to kill coldly by order of an international court than from the belief that one is protecting home and country. We think that patriotism, however mistaken, is preferable to assassination. War is a terrible thing, but if there is any beauty in it, it lies in the glory of sacrifice for a loved country, and we can recall great deeds in the new medium of the air inspired by such patriotism. Each new step forward, each addition to knowledge between 1914 and 1918, came from the work of those who took great risks to serve their country; in a cold-blooded war of intellect there is neither place for, nor inspiration to, such deeds.

There are also those who in an exaggerated anxiety would like to internationalise civil aviation. They talk of the small amount of capital at present invested in that business, of the benefits of nationalisation, of the efficiency and security which would come from such international ownership. Their plans are those of coldly theoretical minds which take into account no human factors, and ignore experience. It is part of the history of novelties that they become the happy hunting ground of cranks. We hear of no schemes for the abolition of national navies and then substitution by a single International Naval Police Force. And yet the money spent on navies exceeds the cost of the air forces of the world so that the saving in expenditure would be far greater, and in the accustomed element

of the sea the future is so much clearer. No proposals have been noted since the War for the internationalisation of national merchant shipping ; when it was proposed in the War, the suggestion was vetoed as impracticable by those who had most experience of the operation of sea transport. We feel that ships and shipping have been spared the attention of the theorists because experience has brought sanity, and sanity is reinforced by patriotic pride in a great business of world benefit built up by the efforts of men of every country. We may well hope that patriotism will come to the rescue of infant aviation before it is stifled by the foster-mother of international control.

Moreover, internationalism is but another word for monopoly and monopoly spells stability.

Aviation has not reached the stage of stabilisation : we need a spur and a stimulus to progress. It may be that the patriotism of the United States of America will look with equanimity on the payments of millions of dollars for carrying air mail at cheap rates of surcharge, and will sanction vast expenditure on airports, radio beacons, lighted airways and all the ground organisation necessary for regular service. We need not worry. In establishing a national supremacy in civil aviation, she stimulates the patriotism of other countries, who learn from her experience.

France concentrates on a speedy service to the Far East ; Holland purchases American aeroplanes to shorten the journey to her East Indian possessions, and in the closing days of the old year Great Britain announced a scheme of Imperial air communications unparalleled in majesty of conception. Men, mails

and goods will flow swiftly between the Mother Country and the Dominions : our patriotism will be stimulated and the world in turn will be the gainer.

Germany may continue to press the airship formula which holds the fancy of a nation : her Graf Zeppelin crosses the Atlantic fifty times and becomes the forerunner of greater and swifter ships. Other countries to whom the type appeals can profit from her example.

Nothing is fixed in aviation ; nothing is ready for stabilisation. The future can be only dimly foreseen. But we can be sure that a great new transportation service is at our doors. In this new element the nations of the world start level, and patriotism will gain a leadership which will bring a rich reward in sentiment as well as in commercial gain. Men of every nation have their heads in the air, and their eyes turned towards the skies eager for further conquests.

Patriotism is set upon an air race and from that effort will come new benefits to an expectant world.

AN INTERNATIONAL VIEW

THE RT. HON. LORD DAVIES
Chairman of the New Commonwealth Society

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MARK TWAIN tells us somewhere that at the conclusion of a most eloquent sermon he incurred the wrath of the preacher by telling him that he had repeated every word of it from a book. In response to a challenge to produce the book, Mark Twain sent him an English dictionary. From the same source I have discovered the definition of a patriot as " one who loves his country and zealously supports its authority and interests ". Clearly, this is a somewhat crude definition and may be interpreted in more than one sense. For instance, what precisely is meant by " love of country " ? Is country to be regarded merely as a geographical expression, or is it the community in which we live and its institutions, or the government which at the moment represents that community in its relationships with other countries, or does it include all three ? Now, let us take the first. It means that *la belle France*, green England, sunny Italy, rugged Norway or bonny Scotland has some special attraction for us because we happen to live in one or other of these countries. A Frenchman, for instance, may love the soil of *la patrie*, an Englishman may revel in the green sward of old England, a Welshman may long for his native mountains, a Scotsman for a glimpse of his purple heather and an American for a vista of his rolling

prairie. Therefore, in a remote but very real sense the ideal of patriotism is linked up with a particular territory.

> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,
> Land of my sires, what mortal hand
> Can e'er untie the filial band
> That knits me to thy rugged strand ?

But this does not necessarily imply that we worship the soil, landscape, mountains, streams, woods, gardens, etc., of our country to the exclusion of any admiration for similar features in other countries. Of course we don't, otherwise we should seldom set foot beyond our national boundaries.

Then there is the " filial band ". Patriotism has to do with ideas of race, language, religion, personal attachments and the whole skein of loyalties which go to make up what we call the state, because it is in the life of the national community that all these loyalties find their chief expression.

In its attitude to the government and governmental institutions, patriotism is mainly concerned to support their authority and safeguard their interests *vis-à-vis* the governments of other nations. In the domestic sphere, however, it does not imply unswerving loyalty to every government irrespective of its actions and politics. On the contrary, to overthrow them is often considered to be the greatest and noblest patriotism. Therefore, love of country does not mean that one must necessarily love or even support the government, except in so far as the latter is the exponent of national authority and interests in the international arena. Consequently, in a secular

sense, patriotism may be defined as a supreme loyalty embracing all the others, including the particular country and community to which we may happen to belong. But, like everything else in this world, patriotism is subject to the law of evolution. Its roots lie deep in the family and tribe ; loyalty to the father or patriarch. But as the family was merged in the tribe and the tribe in the kingdom, so the number of loyalties was increased. Some of the loyalties were mutually exclusive and during certain periods we find that the supreme loyalty—love of country or the community—was overshadowed by one of the lesser loyalties to such an extent that both the authority and the interests of the community were seriously compromised. Personal loyalty to leaders and dynasties striving for mastery, to factions and parties aspiring to power, to creeds and religions seeking domination, culminated in endless wars which destroyed the unity of the community and inflicted grievous misery and loss upon its members. In so far as these disruptive tendencies were suppressed or accorded a status of relativity under the law, the supreme loyalty—Patriotism—extended its boundaries, liberalised ideas and asserted the principle of toleration in an ever-widening sphere. But side by side with this internal development we find the idea of nationalism taking root and seeking to oust the more liberal interpretation of patriotism in its external relationship by laying undue emphasis upon race, colour, language, and other factors which differentiate one national community from another, completely ignoring their common interests and mutual intercourse which, in the final analysis, are the fundamental

basis of a true and tolerant patriotism. This has resulted in intensifying the competition between various countries in exerting their external authority and promoting their selfish interests. It has created an illiberal and anti-social patriotism whose vision is exclusively confined within the boundaries of its own community. This attitude of mind denies the possibility of evolving a new loyalty which would extend its frontiers beyond those of the national state. The latter we are told is to be regarded as the final and last word of human existence, and any attempt to weaken its power is looked upon as an act of treachery and sabotage.

The national state as it exists to-day—a slice of territory, a particular race or colour, a distinct language, an economic expression, or a community whose common interests are identified with an all-powerful ruler—is supposed to be the last and culminating stage of civilisation. Each of these sovereign bodies must impose its authority not merely upon its own subjects, but also upon its rivals. It must secure its own interests at the expense of its neighbours, with or without their consent. By a resort to force, or the threat of force, it must extort what it considers to be its rights, irrespective of the rights of others. It can brook no interference from any outside and overriding authority. Thus, it will be seen that the claims of nationalism—perverted patriotism—are absolute. It appeals to the mystic ideas and atavistic propensities of the community; to feelings, not to reason; to passions and prejudices, not to conscience and the moral sense. It thrives upon pugnacity, mastery and imperialism. It

produces a condition of sheer anarchy arising from a distorted, false and spurious conception of patriotism. Its motto is " My country, right or wrong ". It assumes that one's country possesses a monopoly of virtue, common sense and justice in any quarrel or dispute with its neighbours. Such an attitude of mind is not consistent with an enlightened and liberal patriotism. Nor is it in accordance with the facts of history, for, as we have seen, the sphere of patriotism need not be confined to any particular group of persons, community or territory. Families co-operated for certain purposes—mutual protection, cultivation, trade, etc.—and became merged into tribes. Tribes co-operated and became principalities, kingdoms or republics, which later developed into empires and federations. With each succeeding political change patriotism assumes a new connotation. The old loyalties to the family and tribe, to the county, province and kingdom are not obliterated. On the contrary, they are still extremely active, contributing in a peaceful and orderly manner, within the limits laid down by law, to the advancement of the new combination and to the benefit of all concerned.

It is true that these developments in human society have not always been based upon voluntary acquiescence by all the participating parties, and that perhaps, in the majority of cases, they were brought about by *force majeure* and imposed by conquest upon the weaker groups. In the words of the late Professor W. Jethro Brown, " As the social group merges in the larger group, the moral bonds which have held men together as members of the smaller group may lose much of their force, without being immediately

succeeded by moral bonds of strength between citizens as members of the larger group. In other words, the process of drilling men into larger communities is one in which force is apt to play the prominent part".* The Roman Empire, for instance, imposed the reign of law upon the communities under its sway. The transference of individual loyalty from the smaller group to the greater cannot be attributed to the operation of any one principle or idea. It was impelled by many and different motives. But the permanence of the new patriotism depended in no small measure upon the method of its transference. If it was a voluntary act undertaken to secure genuine co-operation for certain ends based upon the free assent of the co-operating groups, then it contained the seeds of permanence.

This is the underlying principle of the Federal and Democratic systems exemplified centuries ago in the combinations of the City States of ancient Greece, and in more recent times in the Federation of the United States of America, and the Cantons of Switzerland.

Under such a system, the citizen of New Jersey or Pennsylvania could remain loyal to his State community and, at the same time, become a patriotic American. A German—or French-speaking Swiss hailing from Zurich or Berne could cherish the customs and institutions of his Canton without lessening his attachment for Switzerland. A French-Canadian could love the soil of his native province, Quebec, and yet be prepared to play his part as a citizen of Canada and even to shoulder imperial

* "The Problem", p. 693.

responsibility. A Bavarian could still be a good Bavarian without impairing his German patriotism. Similarly, Welshmen or Scotsmen, mindful of the fact that a Welshman and a Scotsman had ascended the British throne, could still be proud of their native countries and foster their national institutions without losing their attachment to Great Britain and their loyalty to the British Empire.

Thus we see the ever-widening allegiances of the human mind which become more permanent when they are the result of voluntary assent—federalism—not when they are imposed by some extraneous power—imperialism. Therefore, patriotism which seeks the good of the family, tribe, kingdom, republic and federation because it recognises the advantages which may be gained from such association, will seek to evolve a world community based upon the concept of justice and the reign of law. This means substituting an appeal to reason and the moral sense for the ancient practice of trial by battle and the system of international duelling. It recognises that the common interests of nations are superior to their individual interests and that what is harmful to one nation is probably injurious to all.

Therefore, love of country and loyalty to its interests will best be served not by insisting upon the realisation of its selfish interests and policies, but by co-operating with other nations in evolving a federal authority which will be empowered, in the words of Justinian, " to render everyone his due ". In the twentieth century this progress in the evolution of patriotism has become not merely desirable but a stark necessity. In these days modern science has flung into the world

super weapons, devastating weapons—the aeroplane, poison gas, submarine and tank, to mention only a few. Man's mastery over the processes of nature has endowed him with powers not only of increasing his wealth, but of destroying nations and countries wholesale. Winston Churchill writes : " It was not until the dawn of the twentieth century of the Christian era that war really began to enter into its kingdom as the potential destroyer of the human race ". If the old definition of patriotism stands, if it is still to be the instrument of asserting sovereign rights and selfish interests, then, in the words of Kant, " It will dig the great graveyard of the human race ". On the other hand, if it adapts itself to the urgent needs of the world community, it will insist upon the establishment of the reign of law, and it will utilise the new weapons as the sanction of this law. Therefore, the highest service we can render our country is to establish an international system which will enable patriotic men in every country to find the ultimate good and security of *la patrie* in the good and security of all. The alternative is the mutual annihilation of competing and unrestrained nationalism.

Adaptation, we are told, is the secret of existence. This truth also applies to the theory of national sovereignty, which is so closely linked up with the idea of patriotism. To quote Professor Jethro Brown once more, " Sovereignty, being an attribute of human association, must be subject like human association to the laws of development. Generically describable as some kind of power or authority in some kind of political community, Sovereignty must

necessarily change as communities grow ".* Therefore, patriotism, like sovereignty, must choose between mutual destruction or intensive co-operation. We live in an age when the dynamic principle has been applied to the mechanism of nature, with the result that the world has been swamped with inventions and discoveries. To avoid disaster the same principle must now be applied to the relationships of states and nations. The world has shrunk and is shrinking visibly. International contacts are closer and more acute. This cuts both ways. It is easier to co-operate, but it is also easier to quarrel. Adaptation demands the machinery of co-operation and the means of avoiding a quarrel. How can these be provided except by establishing those institutions which are essential to the maintenance of justice and peace. For it is clear that a durable peace can only be founded upon justice, and we delude ourselves if we imagine that the will to peace or the determination to secure justice can be expressed merely in terms of pacts and treaties. The machine is useless without the motive power and conversely the motive power will be wasted without the machine. Both are indispensable ; they cannot be separated. Similarly with nations. Appropriate institutions must be provided through which the will to peace can operate. They should be part of the permanent machinery of the League. They must be living and human institutions which will attract the loyalty and service of its state members. Two at least are essential—an equity tribunal to settle all political disputes, and an international police force to maintain order and

* op. cit. p. 273.

render effective the decisions of the tribunal. These should be constituted on the basis of voluntary assent—the application of the federal principle in the development of the League—and, therefore, not inconsistent with the claims of patriotism. There is no other way of securing equality—equality in the sight of the law—which will give strong groups and weak groups—great powers and small powers—yellow races and white races—Aryans and Mongolians—the same rights and opportunities of asserting their claims before the bar of justice.

What has patriotism to say to this orientation in the sphere of international relationships? Having already acquiesced in similar processes in the growth of every civilised community, will it in the twentieth century stubbornly refuse to advance further along the path of evolution? Will it capitulate to the forces of a rabid nationalism which seeks not only to destroy Western civilisation, but to bury itself alive in new caves and jungles?

This is the supreme question. Patriotism is a holy flame. It has inspired noble deeds in peace and war. But it should burn even more brightly in the temple of peace than in the citadel of war. It is concerned with the interests, welfare, prosperity and security of its families, tribes, kingdoms, republics and federations. If the continued existence and progress of all these communities, at any rate in Europe, depends upon the prevention of war, then patriotism demands co-operation, not isolation; toleration, not enmity; the rule of law, not trial by battle in the relationships of states. When there is a clash of rights or a conflict of interests, instead of asserting its own authority it

will demand the adjudication of an impartial and disinterested tribunal. Instead of clinging to its selfish interests, it will strive to make its contribution to the common fund of human achievement and progress. And by constituting force as the handmaid of justice, patriotism will safeguard, within the limits of the law, the liberty of its own subjects, and guarantee the development of those tribal and national propensities all of which contribute their share to the advancement of civilisation. There stands the signpost—Anarchy and Annihilation or Order and Progress.

Patriotism must choose. God grant that it may choose wisely before it is too late, so that we who worship at the shrine may still " love our country and zealously support its authority and interests " as a peaceful member of the community of states and the federation of mankind.

A WOMAN'S VIEW

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Lady Cynthia Asquith

IN the course of a discussion as to how much parents could influence the minds of their children, I was startled to hear a woman say: "Well, at any rate I intend to save my son from being patriotic". Since then I have learned that this negative ambition is shared by many well-meaning mothers.

Why is childhood being chilled by this bleak propaganda?

Because many "enlightened" people now see in patriotism nothing more than an extended egoism which, they think, must inevitably clash with their vision of the future; the vision of the whole of mankind finally united for the general good, and agreed to settle all the problems of conflicting interests with impartial consideration. Unable to imagine any patriotism that is not aggressive and therefore a threat to peace, they consider it a dangerous emotion that ought to be nipped in the bud. We must, they argue, instil in our children's minds the noble spirit which is striving to bring all countries to a common unity of purpose. So let us dismiss national egotism and clear the way for the universal brotherhood of man.

Since, at best, these generous hopes must remain unfulfilled for a very long time, is it not regrettable

that in the meantime they should be stealing so many hearts away from the instinctive love and pride of their own country ? Surely there is an obvious danger in the line of thought that condemns patriotism as a narrow-minded anachronism, an obsolete prejudice as hampering as mere party politics may be to the general welfare of a state. The young especially must beware that allegiance to this ideal of a world union—no new one (Socrates said, " I am neither an Athenian nor a Greek but a citizen of the world ") but an ideal very easy to profess because so difficult to express in action—is not made the pretext for the merest egotism and the repudiation of any obligation, except one that must remain purely theoretical.

Be world-minded, it is urged, widen your interests, live nowhere in particular, keep on the move, cultivate no inch of your country's soil, and (incidentally, of course) avoid its income-tax !

If a child's natural love for his own country is checked, he is deprived of an enjoyable and ennobling emotion. Should this emotion be replaced by the gospel of the universal brotherhood of Man ?

But surely a child's education in his duty towards his fellow-creatures should be given in gradually widening concentric circles ? First family, then country, and then mankind. Can charity that does not begin at home ever be anything but perfunctory and bloodless ? He who loves all men alike does not really love anyone. Before a child can be expected to love humanity, he must first love some particular human being. And he must love his own home. A cosmopolitan child, who loves no

one place on the earth more than any other, is a starved child.

The excess or rather the parodying of a virtue has, as is so often the case, caused the virtue itself to be looked at askance. Dislike and dread of Jingoism on the one hand and of provincialism on the other, are making people timid of patriotism. There is, of course, a most reprehensible form of nationalism, a mere outlet for personal rancour, which fosters hatred and contempt for other nations and finds expression in such childish follies as the kicking of dachshunds and the boycotting of German music. I deplore the less familiar lines of our National Anthem with their ill-bred allusions to the " knavish tricks " of our neighbours. Neither do I approve of the teaching of biased history. I must confess that as a child I firmly believed that one Englishman was equal to six Frenchmen. In all the books I read and all the picture galleries I visited I found no record of a single British defeat, so naturally I believed that my own country had never been beaten. It took a long while to unlearn what I had been taught and to realise that the French were distinguished for anything besides the neglect to wash and an appetite for frogs. Why, I wonder, should it be considered more disgusting to eat a frog than any other dead animal ?

Foolish, misleading prejudices against other nations are not only sadly narrowing to the mind, but also bound to produce a violent reaction and to undermine the confidence of the least sceptical. The first impartial history I ever read gave me a severe shock. If so much of the truth had been suppressed, how

much of what I had been taught was really true? What was I to believe?

But if insularity is tiresome and foolish, I must confess that I have found its crude converse, an obstinate, over-conscientious cosmopolitanism quite as irritating. How boring ceaseless disparagement of our own country can be! Those perfunctory diatribes against everything to do with England: its climate, its food, its codes, clothes, customs, language, art and manners; diatribes which reveal an attitude of mind quite as far removed from impartiality as that of the British peer who so delightfully said, "I hate Abroad".

Accustomed to hear the superior and sophisticated talk of their own countrymen as little better than barbarians, I remember my surprise, when first I visited Paris, to find English words borrowed, English books translated, English clothes (for men) recommended and English customs copied; the most pleasing instance being the inscription on shop windows of the words "Five o'clock Tea at all Hours".

Certainly I would never try to strengthen a child's love for his own country by the disparagement of others, but I would speak to him of his heritage as an Englishman, of England's great enterprise and achievements, of all she has contributed to the sum of human beauty, heroism and humour; and, since the wish to add to your country's honour is a finer incentive than mere personal ambition, I would welcome any kindling of generous admiration, any sign of a desire to hand on the torch of national tradition.

"Patriotism", said Lord Bolingbroke, "is so necessary to be cultivated, and the prosperity of all societies, as well as the grandeur of some, depends upon it so much, that orators by their eloquence, and poets by their enthusiasm, have endeavoured to work up this precept of morality into a principle of passion. But the examples which we find in history, improved by the lively description and the just applauses of historians, will have a much better and more permanent effect than declamation or song, or the dry ethics of mere philosophy."

Most certainly I would have the English child know that the world's greatest poet wrote in the English language, and, if he likes Wordsworth's lines :

> We must be free or die, that speak
> The tongue that Shakespeare spoke,

I shall see no cause for anxiety ; I should not tell him that, in the interests of pacifism, it behoves him to violate the "two minutes' silence", nor advocate the veiling of war monuments ; but, while giving soldiers their great due, I would take care that his gallery of heroes be not exclusively occupied by military heroes. Saints, scientists, statesmen, writers, teachers, artists—all who, as great citizens of England, have served mankind, must have their full share of honour.

It should also be explained to him that the only results of our genius and industry that we keep to ourselves are the weapons of war and defence. All other discoveries, all scientific inventions and medical advances, and all creations of art, we share with the world. He should learn that it is not only the exceptionally gifted who are privileged to serve their

country ; but that, however small the task within his power, it is well worth doing to the very best of his ability. Though it is gratuitously impolite to politicians, let him hear Swift's dictum : " Whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together ".

I should make no attempt to make logical reasoning take the place of instinct in a very young mind. If a child considers his home the most beautiful place in the world, I shall feel no distress nor obligation to explain that this is a fond delusion ; no fear that this partiality may lead to an " attachment to his country in danger of becoming an absorbing principle, inducing not merely a forgetfulness of private interest, but of the immutable claims of humanity and justice ".

But, while careful never to repress his instinctive love and pride in his country, I would have no desire to inculcate any very conscious and reasoned patriotism. I dislike what one might call professional patriotism. Aggressive, advertising, and often insincere, it may be paraded as a pretext for the crudest self-seeking, which doubtless was what was in Dr. Johnson's mind when he snorted out those overquoted and misapplied words, " Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel ".

Those who are called upon to give the most direct expression to their love for their country, soldiers on active service, are probably those who define it

least. In his introduction to "The Muse in Arms", Mr. E. B. Osborn writes :

> "The soldier's love of his land, for which he willingly sacrifices all that he has been, all that he might be, is something inexpressive, never to be directly intimated, much less anatomised, in terms of 'ice and 'isms. . . . The soldier instinctively feels that, as soon as ever love of one's country and all that inhabits there is thought of as 'patriotism' the best of its spiritual flavour is beginning to be lost. It is then as a flower entered in a botanist's museum ; a quality once soul-compelling and inexplicable which must now be explained and justified ; a thing to be dried, dissected, lectured upon, argued about."

Neither are men in action sustained by any hatred of their opponents, for whom indeed they are apt to feel a sort of comradeship. It is almost as though both the contending armies felt themselves to be fighting against some third thing.

Besides duty, discipline and self-respect, that which sustains an imaginative soldier, is not hatred for another country but the love of his own soil. Memories of sights, sounds and scents of home, vivified by the quickening of all his senses in the intensity of his experience :

> The gorse upon the twilit down,
> The English loam so sunset brown,
> The bowed pines and the sheep-bell's clamour,
> The wet, lit lane and the yellowhammer,
> The orchard and the chaffinch song,
> Only to the brave belong.

In the stress of strong emotion, this medley of memories of youth and home becomes personified as England :

> If I should die, think only this of me :
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is for ever England,

wrote one who shortly was to die. And now certain highbrows tell us that we must no longer admire the poetry of Rupert Brooke. Why ? Because, not only did he make use of rhyme, rhythm and reason, but, by the sublimation of the experiences of a soldier, he glorified war and must therefore be regarded as a menace to pacifism ! They condemn him as the poet of death, say that he repudiated life : he, the inspired lover of all the great and little delights of life : he who wrote :

> The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
> And sunset and the colours of the earth.
> These had seen movement and heard music ; known
> Slumber and waking ; loved ; gone proudly friended ;
> Felt the quick stir of wonder ; sat alone,
> Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

Precisely because of his intense love and sense of life he could not fail to be sensitive to the poetry and humour that mitigates all the hideousness of war, the beauty of comradeship and courage, the exhilaration of one compelling purpose. But to recognise its redeeming aspects and to immortalise certain of its facets is not to attempt the exoneration of war. Because, as a poet will, with lovely words he " adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death ", it did not mean that to surrender life was any less great a sacrifice.

These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

To turn from the tragic past to the problematical future, suppose—a very large assumption—the hope of the right-minded, the dream of one concerted world state, is eventually realised, what then will be the destiny of nationalities? Must it become obsolete? Surely not! Is a preference for one's own family incompatible with the demands of patriotism? Does the remarkably intact nationality of Scotsmen produce hostility between them and the English?

I see no reason why a final complete confederation should make our descendants relinquish the harmless delights of local pride, the preference for their own soil and their own mother-tongue. But should we all be expected to speak the same language? Would the literature of all other languages only survive in the minds of a few scholars? If so, whose language is to be imposed? Or should we all be expected to stammer in Esperanto?

The prospect of such drab uniformity makes some people more than a little adverse to the ideal of a world state in which all individuality would be merged and all rivalry finally relinquished. But surely this is an unnecessary foreboding. Fighting and commerce are not the only scope for rivalry. When war is no longer the sole arena for Man's highest endeavour; when, if ever, all the nations are allies in the great bloodless battles of peace: waging concerted conflict against the standing enemies

of mankind, against cancer, consumption, suffering and wretchedness of every kind; may we not some day hope to have found a moral equivalent for war? And besides the conquest over evils, what endless scope for friendly rivalry in the furtherance of every refinement of civilisation! All the nations vying with one another for the honour of still further promoting the diffusion of beauty, the perfecting of architecture and cookery, the defiance of distance, and the prolongation (limited, I trust) of human life.

If the suppression of our special love for our country is no short cut to the realisation of a world-union, what is the right mode of thought to try to inculcate in the young of all countries? It is usually our contending material interests that bring the nations into conflict. Except for those caused by differences in religion, nearly all wars are due to economic causes. As long as the distribution of wealth remains, as it is now, the chief concern of humanity, individual must continue to clash with individual, nation with nation.

Besides the determination and unceasing struggle to rid the world of acute and degrading poverty, how else can those of us fortunate enough not to be in actual want, and possessed of some leisure, help to deliver humanity from the disrupting obsession of money? By refusing to let it remain our main preoccupation, by thinking less about the things that are bought and more of all those things of the spirit which we can enjoy without expense: the heritage of every man, the beauties of nature, thought and art, the marvels of science, the loveliness of literature.

For " love for these things ", it has been said, " always makes for peace and harmony just as exclusive attention to the purely material side of life always makes for bitterness and discord "

A YOUNG MAN'S VIEW

W. GORDON MURRAY
Past President of the Oxford Union

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Past President of the Oxford Union

MY earliest memory is of the outbreak of the Great War. The family were on holiday in Durban during August, 1914; and a highly religious old nurse, filled with the desire to impart patriotic fervour to her charge, gravely and impressively, in solemn tones, expounded the war views of the grown-ups. "And no doubt this time God is on our side; Britain is fighting in a righteous war." Such was the first patriotic thrill I ever experienced. My first memories are of patriotism and war. Such a background should make me agree with Lord Raglan's analysis in his "Science of Peace". To him the emotional qualities in the warlike complex are mainly patriotic and religious. He would, therefore, eliminate the inculcation of patriotism from any educational system designed to promote peace.

I am firmly convinced that this is not merely too facile an analysis; it is a dangerous doctrine. Ultimately it must identify jingoism with patriotism and make no distinction between a healthy nationalism and its perversion, Nazism. Lord Raglan's view is as much an aftermath of the War as is the sombre haberdashery worn by Mussolini.

And yet a large section of the more vocal opinion in Oxford would agree with Lord Raglan. To what

may this attitude be attributed? Does higher education refine away the patriotic impulse? Or does the supposedly Socialistic School of Modern Greats decry love of native land? I think not. Much must be attributed to the out-of-date school background where "Imperial Estates" and old colonels were all to the fore, and British Commonwealth and Dominion Status too new-fangled to find favour; where the O.T.C. environment was somehow bound up with playing at war and all part of "King and Country". Most of this was reinforced by history in which Wolfe and Quebec, Clive and Plassey, seemed to play an altogether disproportionate part in the soul of the nation and little attempt was made to study historical problems as objectively as possible, or to apportion praise and blame to Frederick the Great as well as to the elder Pitt. History at school always had the tendency to become an exercise in patriotic imagination. It is, therefore, not surprising perhaps that for some at Oxford the white light of truth has since taken on a reddish tinge, and that for many of the politically conscious, Lord Beaverbrook and the Empire on which the sun never sets are semi-ridiculous, when not sinister. For the suspicion has been at work in many a mind that perhaps "the sun never set because God could not trust Empire builders at work in the dark". After a surfeit of school history taught in the epic style, what the Americans call the de-bunking process may operate rather too rapidly. Consequently, Rhodes, Chamberlain and their imperial mission have for many an Oxford man acquired rather a shoddy historical flavour. They belong to the backwaters

of that Victorian age which ended in 1914 with the glorious hoax that the Great War was fought to save poor little Belgium.

To most Oxford men of to-day earliest sights were of fathers and uncles in khaki, earliest sounds of military bands and talk of the Front; and perhaps the first memory is of the return of the uniform. After all, when extreme youth has been coloured by khaki, the twenties are apt to appear rather disillusioned. The first crowd I can clearly remember seeing consisted of 10,000 Australian soldiers marching through Durban. I marvelled when a grown-up said: "Some days as many as all those put together are killed".

Nearly two years ago the average member of the Oxford Union had been seven years old when the War ended. He had come to a belief in its futility and to link patriotism with it in his determination to refuse to fight under any circumstances for King and Country. This was a purely negative, destructive motion—cynical if you like. It expressed daringly what the majority of the educated youth of the country was coming to feel. Granted the circumstances, the mood was understandable, even if not approved. Nobody who attended the debate regarded it as a mere stunt. As a protest against much of the futility of elder statesmanship in foreign affairs, complete pacifism seemed to many the only wise alternative. Had the motion merely expressed a completely no-fight attitude, it would probably not have given offence, nor would it have been challenging. Instead, it hurt a great many who think in terms of the sacred dead who fought for "King and

Country" in order that Oxford might live. Each home felt the memory of some beloved one outraged, and all the tender thoughts centred in Armistice Day flouted.

It also perpetuated the linking up of patriotism with war. Nothing could be more unfortunate. Though I was one of those who spoke against the no-fight motion, I can sympathise with, and respect as patriotic, the views of some complete pacifists. It is quite possible to maintain on the most loyal grounds that any war is bound to ruin this country, and that it is the "patriotic" mission of Great Britain to set aside the jungle code of war and to disarm completely. If a Quaker Cabinet were formed I believe its members, and they alone, would have the courage to do so. It would be a splendid moral example, and perhaps a good business one. It might easily be conceived as a duty we owed as much to ourselves as to other nations. To deplore it as an unpatriotic action would be far less worthy than to oppose it on the ground that such action would fail of its purpose, the ensuring of peace.

Most patriots find breathing difficult in a rarefied atmosphere of Quakerism. This is not because "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel", but because complete pacifism is linked up with too many who would refuse to fight from motives less noble. However philosophical his outlook may be, in the realm of practical affairs the patriot must be willing to help his fellow-citizens in all public actions. Not after the fashion of Horatio Bottomley, but in the last resort by being willing to fight for them ; for in this savage world the most effective way of helping

others may at times still have to be by dying for them. That is why a person who wishes to be called a patriot, and yet refuses to fight, must be absolutely certain that his motives are of the highest and noblest order. I am afraid this element was not particularly noticeable at Oxford's famous pacifist debate.

That motion was supported by a great many class-war enthusiasts ; and indeed so much of the so-called peace propaganda, apart from that connected with the League of Nations' Unions, is merely a cloak for these people. Lord Raglan himself, in the " Science of Peace ", gives them the rebuke they deserve ; and Dr. Inge has well described their doctrine as one which " decries the idea of patriotism, having very little love or loyalty for the nation or its flag, and cherishing the conviction that nationalism is a hindrance to the civil war of classes which it desires to promote ". Let us be clear that such people are far less worthy of a place in the machinery of peace than the patriots whom they describe as war-mongers.

In an Anti-War Exhibition organised in Oxford there was one curious item. It was entitled " Anti-War Propaganda in the Soviet Union ", but it had nothing to do with peace, except that kind which comes when all class-enemies are slain. This, according to Dr. Inge, cost Russia a mere two million of the lives of such during the Red Terror, and since then insignificant hundreds now and again !

It is curious that every patriot seems to detest the Russian system. Just as every good Liberal, on reading the history of the Middle Ages, is supposed instinctively to support the Emperor in his quarrels with the Pope, and to listen with approval to the

story of the execution of Charles I ; so, perhaps, it might be possible to devise two tests for the British patriot : What are his reactions to his Empire and to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics ? I must confess to a profound suspicion of those Socialists who declare they would support the latter even at the expense of the former.

I hope this is not due to any narrow-minded patriotism ; for after a visit to Russia I must confess to a feeling of pity for the Russians, just as many feel rather sorry for misguided Germans with pogrommatic tendencies. In this no hatred exists, but an instinctive distrust of national feeling based either on a system or on racial grounds. There is a world of difference between territorial and racial patriotism. Love of Germany is wholly admirable; the worship of Aryanism merely contemptible. Race patriotism is rampant in the world to-day. It is the antithesis of what is believed in by the younger generation of this country. Its mind moves so far away from the atmosphere of " lesser breeds without the law " that it finds the thought that such a sentiment was cherished by its parents peculiarly repellent, and even indecent. Our Colonial Empire must not exist in order that we may possess the good things of the world, nor that the black man should shoulder the white man's burden ; but that we may serve in the spirit of trusteeship those committed to our care. The stage has now been reached when we may claim that such an ideal is implicit in our system of Indirect Rule in Africa. There protection implies a transient, not an inherent, superiority. Yet it is based on a recognition of the great psychological difference between peoples of

diverse colour. In this it remains unlike the French system without encroaching on the German conception of ruling lesser breeds by Nordic might. Without doubting the sincerity of our older imperialists, we have also moved away from the belief in their type of imperial mission. To-day,

> The Rudyards cease from Kipling
> And the Haggards ride no more.

The true constructive conception of patriotism must find its basis in Burke's belief that " to love the little platoon which we belong to in Society, is the first principle in public affection ". Had he lived in a League of Nations world surely he would have added : " public affection for the state is the only emotional foundation on which an enduring international order can be erected ". To attempt to force internationalism, as Lord Raglan would do, by ousting patriotism as an encumbrance to collective growth, is a hothouse process. It can only cause the precocious plant to wither away from internal decay. That is why the super-state ideal makes no appeal to the youthful imagination. World citizenship of such a state has behind it as little emotional drive as the desire to learn Esperanto. It is the lumbering Colossus of the world of theorists.

Loyalty to a state is built up on local loyalties. An undergraduate who loves his college should love Oxford the more. Just as affection for the mountains of Monmouthshire is an inspiration to Welsh Nationalism, so Table Mountain, though it may appear a barrier to the interior of South Africa, is the gateway to an emotional hinterland. Patriotism is impregnated with local loyalties. As it has expanded

from them so it has itself acquired the expansive quality. Love of England is focused on some spot in England ; love of Empire centres in a great institution of personal appeal. No ideal so perfectly embodies the patriotism of youth of the Dominions as that magnificent definition that they are " independent and equal in status, but freely associated under one Crown ". Loyalty to their new and vigorous countries should in no way impair, but rather enrich, the imperial heritage. The British Commonwealth has a great future because it is showing the way to reconcile nationalism with a wider grouping. " It is better to be a Dominion under the Crown in a great Empire than some Republic decked in sovereign peacock's feathers and perhaps enjoying international ' status ' through the condescension of some over-mighty neighbour."* Such reconciliation is not being achieved by lessening the patriotic content in nationalism, but by making the national loyalty the foundation of a wider affection.

Great Britain has been enabled to understand Dominion Nationalism, and to make an imperial synthesis, largely because love of Britain has been composed of lesser loyalties. Not lesser in intensity, but in territory, are the loyalties to England and Scotland, to Wales and to Ulster. England has not anglicised Scotland, nor has England become Scottish in more than Archbishop and Prime Minister, while Wales still remains the ancient Principality. It is wonderful how separate they have kept. So they have passed on their peculiar

* Professor Kennedy, of Toronto University, in " Essays in Constitutional Law ".

contribution to Great Britain and the Dominions beyond the seas. Largely because this triple quality of the shamrock, this diversity in unity, has been of its quintessence, the British portion in the life of the daughter-states has remained a contribution, not become a hall-mark. This is one reason why the nationalism of each Dominion is characteristic of that country, not a pale reflection of a greater Britain—a mere colonialism. Perhaps it is symbolical that Dr. Inge in his book on " England " should devote the longest chapter to the Empire which has so many claims to our admiration and our loyalty.

It must be remembered that when people in the Dominions learn English history, for the most part they are hearing the story of forefathers who belong as much to many of them as to the people of this country. They are usually far better informed about the history of Britain than English people are about the background of the Dominions, and even if this makes for one-sidedness, British people have in an especial sense what Froude calls " the feelings for which great nations always treasure the heroic traditions of their fathers ".

Where on the other hand Britain has tried to stamp out nationalism she has failed. In the Irish Free State she has only produced those pathetic hybrids, the Anglo-Irish, at home neither in the mock heroics of Erse nor in the quiet countryside of England. In neither can they find the little platoon which can call forth a patriotic emotion. It looked for a time as though the Dominion channel might direct the destiny of the Irish Free State into the imperial ocean. But the streams of nationalism had been dammed up

too long. Ireland is no longer in a real sense part of the Commonwealth. It would be far better if she declared herself a republic to-morrow. By refraining from doing so she enjoys a grievance, strains the Dominion concept to breaking point and makes it difficult to reaffirm the Dominion goal as the immediate one for India. Dominion Status implies that each member is free to secede ; but while a country remains within the Commonwealth the emphasis is laid on co-operation. Not to co-operate is to break the spirit, to secede in all but name. Co-operation is the synthesis of Empire, the cement binding the Commonwealth together. Its essential ingredients are a common nationality and loyalty to a common Crown. They are strengthened by the British Navy and facilitated by a common language ; but they have arisen out of patriotism, and in doing so, have given it an expanding horizon.

Is there then ground for claiming that a patriotism of the Commonwealth now exists ? I believe that to those of the youth of this country who make room for it, patriotism is the emotional quality called forth by the national and the imperial conceptions. And for most in the Dominions this is equally true. All find it personified in the Crown. No more thrilling combination of this essential duality can be imagined than the King's Christmas message. The Empire as an expanded family presided over by a Royal Father embodies the simple essence of patriotism. The colour and romance of such a personal touch enters every home in a wonderful way, and calls forth in this depersonified, mechanistic age, a loyalty more profound than ever Hohenzollern or Hapsburg could

command. Science has not rationalised away loyalty; it has made it more than ever a reality; something so intense that not to listen in on Christmas Day would seem an offence against patriotic feeling. Country, monarchy and Empire, constitute its trinity.

To confine patriotism to love of England is too cramping an ideal. It just misses the expansive note which has been stressed. In practice Little Englandism was forever killed for the average man by the thousands of Dominion soldiers in the homes and on the roads of Britain. Theirs was the tramp of a Company of Nations. To-day, by most, affection for the Empire is considered to be an extension of love of their native land.

To illustrate this from a personal example: In November of last year I addressed some 400 miners and unemployed miners in a Welsh village. I talked on a national policy; and as a matter of course highly intelligent questions were asked, as much about the Empire as about Britain. The audience was certainly Labour in its sympathies, and I confess to having felt some misgiving as I told them simply, but unashamedly, of my belief in the essential goodness of the British Commonwealth. To my surprise they responded immediately and cheered in a way which left no doubt that their patriotism was not determined by economic conditions.

Internationalism is also a good word for the enlightened patriot. It expresses exactly his feeling for the nation taking its part in the harmony of nations, making its peculiar contribution to internationalism—a significant and expressive word. Such an idea has become widespread only in this

century. That any international machinery such as that of the League of Nations should to-day be able to operate with even a modicum of efficiency is in itself remarkable. It was an axiom of policy in the last century that the nation-state must be the centre of all things. That the emphasis now frequently shifts from Whitehall and the Quai d'Orsay to Geneva is symptomatic of a new and developing order. In it the patriot's pride should be in his national contribution to a world whole. It makes a Department of War out of date ; and the sooner the War Office becomes the Ministry of Defence, the quicker will " the renunciation of war as an instrument of policy " become an accepted fact, instead of a mere pious declaration.

The League of Nations manages to work only because many of those gathered together at Geneva feel affinities they would not otherwise have suspected. Professor Zimmern has wisely pointed out the effect of the Geneva atmosphere on the machinery of imperial co-operation. If merely for this indirect motive, those who believe in the Commonwealth should support the League of Nations as ardently as those who believe in Britain support the Empire. The British Company of Nations is the imperial macrocosm from whose pattern the international macrocosm must fashion itself. That is a matter for the greatest pride. It represents a world leadership and an imperial mission more gratifying than any puny doctrine of isolationism. This might develop the Colonial Empire, but it would soon break up the Commonwealth. The Imperial System is the forerunner of the world system, not the alternative to it.

No doubt this will mean a large sacrifice of external sovereignty. But Britain by her readiness to consult the Dominions before engaging the Empire in foreign commitments is already learning that lesson. It will give to Britain a basis for a wider extension of influence, whenever a greater renunciation of sovereign independence is required in international affairs.

Had Rupert Brooke not died for England that is the spirit in which he would have written of her to-day. The patriotism of modern British youth must have an imperial outlook in an international direction.

A MAN IN THE STREET

A Man In The Street

ON the subject of patriotism the man in the street is inarticulate. More especially the service man in the street. The very mention of the word "Patriotism" would embarrass him. Should any earnest patriot question a service man on the subject, the latter's answer would probably be a rather resentful grunt. He fights shy of metaphysical discussions.

Frankly, it would be absurd to suggest that the man who enlists in the Services during peace-time does so from purely patriotic motives, whether conscious or subconscious. He chooses to be a soldier or a sailor or an airman in exactly the same way as his brother may elect to become a plumber, a postman or a potman.

But the case of the man who joins up voluntarily during a war stands on an entirely different footing. He has no wish to be a fighting man. He has his own peaceable job to do. Yet he volunteers, of his own free will, to undergo the certainty of hardship, with a strong possibility of maiming or death, when his country is "up against it".

Why?

Learned philosophers in all generations have written much in attempts to answer this question. But there

is no complete answer. Human motives are always too mixed to be, on any given occasion, completely explicable.

Why does a man risk his life in an endeavour to save a complete stranger from drowning ? Ask him, and he will probably answer, with a shrug of his shoulders : " Well, it seemed the only decent thing to do ".

" Decent." The key-word. The whole structure of modern civilised society is built up on a foundation of decency—of what is becoming and seemly. It would be unseemly, though not criminal, to walk down Piccadilly dressed only in a bathing costume, sandals and bowler hat. And so we don't do it. Thus all the traditions of civilisation shout aloud that it would be indecent for a normal member of society to refuse to help his country in any way and every possible way, when she becomes involved in a struggle for her honour or her very existence.

It is not without significance that the Latin word for native country is feminine. One's country is a woman. And the tradition of masculine chivalry towards a woman lives on, though it is not the modern custom to prate of it in high-sounding phrases.

Subconsciously the average man realises that his membership of a civilised society involves duties as well as privileges. And one of those duties is, if he is physically fit to do so, to risk his life for his country in time of need.

His attitude towards her is much the same as that of a lover towards his beloved. Neither of them dilates at length, in the presence of others, on his

mistress's beauty and charm. But without thinking twice about it he would readily perform for her any service she might require of him.

Certain cynical philosophers would have us believe that selfishness alone is the motive of every human action. Even the man who goes boldly to certain death in order to ensure the safety of others does so, they say, from the desire to be spoken of after his death as a hero.

The theory is arguable. But the general adoption of it would merely poison the springs of all human action. The man who dashes into a blazing building to save life would be regarded with no more veneration than the murderer who slays a fellow-man for gain. Human actions would be incapable of valuation or differentiation, if selfishness were assumed to be the basis of each and every one.

One concession we must make to the cynics—that no action is ever performed from a completely pure and unmixed motive. This we are bound to admit, human nature being the imperfect and muddled thing we know it to be. Picture a helpless child on a lofty roof in a gale of wind, terrified to move, liable to be blown to destruction at any moment. A fire-escape has been sent for, but it may arrive too late. Among the crowd stands a cat-burglar, wanted by the police. He is probably the only man there capable of reaching the child quickly and saving its life. But the publicity he will achieve by doing so will inevitably lead to his detection and arrest. Yet he does it. Obviously he acts from mixed motives, but amongst them we must acknowledge that the virtue of human compassion holds an outstanding place.

The patriotism of the volunteer soldier forms a parallel case. He may sometimes, in his imagination, picture himself coming home proudly from war with the crimson ribbon of the V.C. gleaming on his breast. On the other hand, he knows full well that he stands a far better chance of being blown to pieces by a shell. Philosophically he accepts either chance.

We must, however, avoid the danger of looking on patriotism as a virtue peculiar to times and conditions of war. Inevitably, the notion of dying for a beloved person, or a beloved country, appeals to the romantic strain in every normal human being. Patriotism is made easy during war. The fit man of military age merely joins something. The women, the older and the less fit men, have little difficulty in finding some niche to fill.

In times of peace the problem is less simple. Peace is essentially un-spectacular. What can the patriot then do to prove his patriotism ?

One might answer briefly in the words of the Anglican catechism, " Do his duty in that state of life, unto which it shall please God to call him " ; in other words, obey his country's laws, pay his rates and taxes, bring his children up as well as he can—in short, carry on.

But even in peace-time war may, unfortunately, be brewing. Nations to-day are no less bellicose than they were five hundred years ago. The man in the street does not want war, but he realises that it may be forced upon us whether we like it or not. And we must not be taken unawares.

In the autumn and winter of 1914-15, while a handful of British troops were fighting manfully in

France and Flanders, a million or so of embryo soldiers were being trained (not always very efficiently) in this country. Had they been available for service in August, 1914, the War might have been over sooner, and many valuable lives might have been saved.

It is not " militarism " for a young and fit man to join the Territorial Army in peace-time. It is plain common sense, if it be within his powers. Air power will count at least ten times as much in the next war as in the last. Let Great Britain have as large a number of trained airmen ready for any eventuality as possible.

In the meantime, what can the patriotic man in the street do, if anything, to guide and control the politics of his country? Little enough; he can vote for his Parliamentary candidate but should that candidate be elected he forthwith becomes little or nothing more than a cog in the wheels of the party machine.

The ordinary patriot, however, can play his part in local politics. In many of the smaller towns the men of the so-called " upper " classes stand aloof, in a somewhat supercilious way, from the local council, and then complain bitterly of its alleged iniquities and inefficiencies. Would it not be better for them to take an active part in local government, rather than leave it in the hands of those they consider to be their " inferiors "?

It is notorious that many who have the vote refrain from using it. Suggestions have been made from time to time that voting at all elections should be made compulsory. A very vexed question. It might so

happen that all the candidates in the field were committed to policies to which the would-be voter has insuperable conscientious objections. To compel him to vote in such circumstances would merely be an outrage on the liberty of the subject.

For instance, there is a fairly strong agitation afoot for the extension of the facilities for divorce, another for legalisation of lotteries and sweepstakes. Neither of these would necessarily be a party measure, and it might happen that all the candidates in a particular constituency were in favour of either or both. What would then be the position of the voter who conscientiously objected both to easier divorce or to lotteries? No Roman Catholic, for example, could countenance any extension of divorce facilities.

To turn to quite a different aspect of our subject. The sportsman and athlete can do his bit, in his particular field, to promote his country's interests. It is a normal and healthy ambition to see our country superior to others in the realm of sport and athletics, unhealthy though it is to "squeal" if we are beaten. The patriotic sportsman, then, will do his best to keep himself in perfect training, in case he should be called upon to uphold his country's honour in his own sphere of endeavour.

This naturally leads to another point. The Chief Scout recently had some scathing comments to make on our physical fitness as a nation. Many other acute observers have noticed that our national physique compares unfavourably with that of many other civilised nations. It is for the individual patriot to remedy this regrettable state of affairs. Very few—if any—of us are unable to devote a few

minutes daily to exercising our bodies in order to improve our personal health, to make those bodies the things of beauty they might be, and to remove this reproach from the nation at large.

This is an era of " movements " largely identified, for some obscure reason, with the wearing of different coloured shirts. What should be the attitude of the patriot towards these ? The ultimate decision must surely rest with each individual. Thought is unfettered. If he concludes, after mature consideration, that any particular movement is likely to promote his country's welfare, there can surely be no objection to his enlisting under its banner and wearing its shirt.

There exist, however, certain movements which, in a highly laudable desire to maintain peace, would have it that all war is invariably wrong, and that, in the event of this country becoming involved in another struggle, we should refuse to assist her. They sometimes invoke the teachings of Christianity to support their view, but it is impossible to find in the doctrines of Christ any definite statement that war is necessarily wrong, or that His followers must have no part in it.

No true patriot would stand idly by and watch his country ruthlessly trodden underfoot by hostile armies. It is certainly sound Christian doctrine that no Christian should take part in an unjust war. Mercifully, however, the man in the street is not often allowed to know—at least until the war is over —whether his country is in the right or not. And

so he will seldom be called upon to make a decision on so grave a question on his own initiative.

And what about the League of Nations? Should we support it or not? Has it achieved, is it capable of achieving, anything worth while? Its critics point with a sneer to failures to prevent war, or to stop wars in progress, or to bring about disarmament. One must regretfully admit these failures. Nevertheless, it is conceivable that, but for the efforts of the League, even more and far worse wars might have broken out since it came into existence. And at least it forms a common meeting-ground for men of goodwill of all nations.

Moreover, even if incapable of enforcing peace or disarmament, there are many other useful functions which the League has performed, and can still perform. To name only two, it has accomplished a tremendous amount of good work in checking and controlling international smuggling in dangerous drugs, and in limiting the nefarious activities of the so-called White Slave Traders. Are these services to humanity to be considered negligible? Surely, if only for its benevolent activities in these two spheres, it deserves the support of every decent patriot, of whatever nation.

The Briton has a somewhat curious habit of noting troubles and disturbances in other countries while remaining blind and deaf to those of his own. Rather like a man who smiles at the sight of another with a large hole in his sock, unconscious of the

fact that he himself has forgotten to put his socks on at all.

No patriot can fail to be distressed by the knowledge that more than two millions of his fellow-countrymen (twice the population of Birmingham) are unemployed, with apparently little prospect of further employment, while great numbers exist on or below the poverty-line. Three-quarters of the wealth of this still very wealthy country is owned by about one-tenth of its population. A very disturbing thought. In spite of great prosperity in certain industries many others are depressed, some to such a low level that hope of ultimate recovery is small. Cases in point are coal-mining, the cotton trade, and agriculture.

Of course, the last is by far the most important. Britain was once pre-eminently an agricultural country, with something like three-quarters of her population engaged in this basic industry. She has now a far lower percentage thus employed than any other civilised country.

Apart from this state of affairs being radically unsound (for every country should surely be self-supporting in the matter of foodstuffs so far as possible), it might prove the ruin of Britain in the event of another war. It is now an open secret that we were within a few weeks of dire disaster from lack of food when the Great War ended, owing to the German submarine campaign. We might be less fortunate next time—should there unhappily be " a next time ".

Surely then it is the duty of every true patriot to support all measures taken to revive agriculture and to restore it to the proud position it once held.

Instead of being the Cinderella of our industries it should be the undisputed Queen.

This subject of patriotism is vast and far-reaching. Space forbids much more from my pen—the pen of a very ordinary and undistinguished man who loves his country. But perhaps I may be permitted one final word.

With all due deference to that very distinguished writer and patriot, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, we Britons love Britain—as also other nations love their country—not because she is great, but because she is Britain—our Motherland. Should we love her less if she were the poorest and weakest of the nations of the world ? Every instinct forbids the bare notion ; rather should we love her more fervently, if she were feeble and despised.

> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall,
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happier lands ;
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
> this England.

This is the land which, great or small, we love.